

The
Infinite
Artist

■
Frederick
F.
Shannon



Class BV4253

Book .S55

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



THE INFINITE ARTIST
AND
OTHER SERMONS



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

THE INFINITE ARTIST

and Other Sermons

BY

FREDERICK F. SHANNON

MINISTER OF CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

Author of

"The Soul's Atlas," "The New Personality," "The En-
chanted Universe," "The Breath in the Winds,"
"God's Faith in Man," etc.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1921

All rights reserved

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BV 4253
S55

COPYRIGHT, 1921,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and printed. Published November, 1921.

OCT 19 1921

Press of
J. J. Little & Ives Company
New York, U. S. A.

© Cl. A 624841

2MB 20 Oct 1921

To the Memory of

FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS,

and to

ADOLPHUS C. BARTLETT,
EDWARD B. BUTLER,
JOHN S. FIELD,
JOHN MILLER,
WILLIAM H. MINER,
ROBERT H. PARKINSON,
BERNARD E. SUNNY,
WILLIAM C. SMITH,
DR. HENRY B. THOMAS,

*Trustees of Central Church
and Fellow-Workers in the
Kingdom of God.*



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE INFINITE ARTIST	1
II. THE LARGER FREEDOM	15
III. CHRIST'S JUDGMENT OF THE UNIVERSE . .	26 ^c
IV. THE IRON GATE	40
V. THE SUPREME ORIGINALITY	52 [✓]
VI. TO ATHENS—AND BEYOND!	66
VII. HOUSEKEEPING AND SOULKEEPING	80
VIII. NEW AND OLD	94 [✓]
IX. THE DREAMER	105
X. AN ABOUNDING PERSONALITY	117

THE INFINITE ARTIST
AND
OTHER SERMONS

THE INFINITE ARTIST

AND

OTHER SERMONS

I

THE INFINITE ARTIST

"I will make thee an eternal excellency."—Isa. lx, 15.

THIS passage contains a vision of the ideal Zion. The actual Zion, which was steadily going from bad to worse, does not offer an encouraging prospect. Yet this great prophet is not overwhelmed by the bleak realism of existence; he takes refuge in the vast plans and high thoughts of an undiscourageable God. Therefore, he knew that the leaden to-day would vanish before the golden to-morrow. And it is just this indomitable faith that arms him for battle with his besieging, obstinate enemies on every hand. Faith in God alone enables man to face and endure the facts of life. There is no use trying to blink the tragic things away; pain does not pass at some word of legerdemain; sin does not disappear because, perchance, fools make a mock at sin; death does not stand aside because delusion says that it must. No! The facts of our human life must be faced; and if faced in the strength which Christ alone imparts, they may be transfigured and made to serve the august ends of the soul.

Consider the mixed metaphor Isaiah employs in ex-

pressing this truth. He speaks of Zion at once as a city "forsaken" and as a wife "hated." The city is level with the dust—God's judgment upon her sin; the wife is despised and cast off by an indignant husband because of her horrible adulteries. It is a forlorn picture indeed. But behold! within the selfsame breath another music is made, another hope is born, another vision is seen. "Whereas"—these great new resolutions are introduced by God—"thou hast been forsaken and hated, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." In the very midst of the awful blotch an Invisible Hand is at work. As despair is deepened, hope is heightened. The Infinite Artist is already preparing His colors. And a painting, whatever else it requires, demands at least three things—an artist, a subject, and the finished picture. Suppose, therefore, that we allow our study to center about this group of ideas. I want us to humanize, individualize, and Christianize our text.

I

Think, first, of the Infinite Artist in terms of personalism. "*I!*" Here is the biggest, profoundest truth that can challenge human thought—the Personality of God. Little wonder that certain types of mind are overwhelmed by the idea; it is so great, so immeasurable, so far beyond all ordinary concepts of personality that men are baffled and perplexed by the doctrine. And yet that the Christian God is an unthinkably great and glorious Person, is the only explanation that fits all the facts. For the question at issue is always and evermore, in the last analysis, whether there is a Christian God within this vast and astonishing universe. What I mean is this: It is either the Christian God or no god; if He is not the Christian God, it is too late in the evolving of life upon this planet for other gods to apply; they are forever outgrown and

left behind in the march of thought and consciousness. Thus the question is the *kind*, the *quality*, rather than the variety or multiplicity of gods within the universal pantheon. There are gods many and lords many, but the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—He only is the God that men can worship in spirit and in truth. That the Infinite Artist—this everlasting and Christian “I”—is the Personality at the heart of things, is reasonable from many viewpoints.

Consider the positive evidence offered by the worshiper of nature. The universe is so illimitable and terrible and many-toned that devout souls in every age have uncovered in its awful presence. Stars and suns and seasons make their own appeal to particular races and individuals, and they have done so ever since man became man. Dumb before the blazing galaxies, the green wonder of spring and the fading splendor of autumn, the perfection of natural law and the abounding variety of thought which has gone into the production and sustentation of the bewildering cosmos, men have always felt, in varying degrees and in differing scales of intelligence, that there was not only a somewhat but a Someone within and behind it all. Yet for twenty centuries the most deeply living and clearly perceiving minds of the race have been forced to think of this Someone in the terms and after the manner of Jesus the Christ. No other thought of God will do except Christ's, because the nature-worshiper invariably becomes like that which he worships; and nature is powerless to lead a human being out of and beyond herself. Where nature ends, man begins; and if man fails to yield himself to the Christian God, he becomes the saddest failure in the whole wide world.

A further argument for the Christian God is the philosophic speculator. This type of thinker has a high place in the world. He is the age-long wrestler with substance. Thrown down as he has been and will continue to be, he is

up and at his antagonist again. He refuses to be entirely defeated; he plucks at the mystery of things; he persistently clings to the flowing garments of the ever-flowing, universal nature-mother. His tenacity is sublime and his heroism is beyond all praise. But ponder this: *The pure speculator never gets beyond his speculation.* This is his own confession; this is all he ever comes to—an interesting, unanswered conundrum, a brilliant, dazzling hypothesis. Some one asked me what I thought of John Burroughs' last book, "Accepting the Universe." I think two things of this interesting volume. First of all, it reminds us that the ultimate interest of a normal human being is religion. Sometime or other, religion has the fashion of thrusting itself forward as the major subject of our thinking. Here was our kindly, venerable naturalist, at the end of his long career, concentrating his mind upon God, the universe, the soul. In the second place, I replied, Mr. Burroughs' last book shows how utterly inadequate any thought of God, other than the Christian, unquestionably is. Now, I do not intimate that Burroughs was a great philosopher—he was a great naturalist. I fancy, for example, that he would be somewhat out of place in such philosophic company as Plato, Kant, Berkeley, Edwards, Bowne, and Bergson.

Nevertheless, Burroughs, like all thinkers of his class, proves the validity of the Christian conception of God. After searching and reflecting upon the universe, after observing the ways of nature from childhood to advanced age, the best name that he can find for his "God" is a kind of Nature Providence, something akin to an impersonal, universal law. Why, did I need the kindly sage of "Slab-sides" to tell me as much? The great pagans knew that; your uproarious, proud-hearted, modern agnostic knows that. And yet how people—so-called intelligent people, too—like to be rhetorically deceived! Will you not, for the sake of your own souls, remember the truthfulness of this proposition: Because one happens to be an expert in any

given direction is no reason whatever for accepting him as an expert, or at all well qualified to speak, upon the Christian religion. He may criticize it; he may also know nothing about it. He may condemn it; he may also find that it condemns him. He may sidestep it; he may also discover, before he has finished with the universe, that it will sidestep him. The simple fact is that the Christian God requires that every soul shall prove Him for its own self, and not another. Anything less is, at best, only theology, philosophy, speculation; all thoroughly worth while, yet all thoroughly inadequate. When the Infinite Artist, through the living Christ, enunciates himself within the precincts of my own personality, may I be called, in any vital, thoroughgoing sense, a Christian. I may have and observe the ethical codes; I may keep the external rules and miss the Internal Fact; I may be superficially alive and profoundly dead. This is the paradox of the Christless soul. The mere speculator, refusing the Eternal Christ, is an irrefutable argument for the reality of the Christian God—that He is a Person, infinitely good, unspeakably near, and gloriously redemptive.

A third proof of the Infinite Artist is the soul that acts as if the Christian God were the true and living God. This is the challenge twenty centuries old, as new as the call of April robins, as sweet as the breath of June roses. The universe is aquiver with that Holy Presence Who is momentarily trying to attract our attention. From a million stations He signals to His children. He is always whispering—calling—by day and by night, from childhood to age. Sometimes we pause, we look, we listen, and we are tenderly infolded by a wordless hush. Then, as Matthew Arnold sang, the eye sinks inward and the life lies plain; what we say we mean, and what we would we know. Christian history and experience are distinguished by this imperial truth. One day an Invisible Hand slipped out of the Unseen and scattered rays of blinding light all about

a proud-hearted rider, throwing him prone upon the earth. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the Inmost Soul of the Worlds shone round about Saul of Tarsus and he became Paul the Apostle. For the universe, at its highest and supremest, resolves itself into personal relationships. No abiding and epoch-making disclosures come to men apart from the personal. "I" and "Thou" and "Thee" and "Me"—these are the transcendent peaks in the mountain ranges of reality. Paul heard a Voice, he answered a Voice, he obeyed a Voice; and the Voice was the Voice of Jesus, Who is turning the universe into a graphophone.

But, you reply, "Paul may have been self-deceived; his mind may have been playing tricks upon itself." Very well! If such a human and historic fact as Paul is wrought by tricks, blessed are we if such tricks may be played upon us! If such realities are made manifest through fictions, then I am determined to be on good terms with these transfiguring fictions. A similar "trick" was played upon Augustine, Xavier, Luther, Wesley, Edwards, Beecher, Brooks, Moody—yea, and upon a multitude of heaven-possessed women, maidens, and youths out of every generation and under all skies. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Then scale the walls, oh, man, and behold the orchards of God! Climb the fences and gaze into the Gardens of God! For the celestial skies and dews and rains of two thousand years have poured their regenerating tides down into those orchards and gardens. And they bloom and burst with fruit in every land, because the Christian God pursues men with a love which will not let them go.

"Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'"

II

Moreover, the Infinite Artist has a subject, as all artists must have. This, too, comes within the personal realm. "I will make *thee*"—not *it*. Going the whole round of creation, we shall come upon nothing higher than the intention of God to unfold the capabilities of man's soul. Matter, mysterious and awe-inspiring as it is, is just the scaffolding God uses as He toils upon the spiritual temple of humanity. Ages and civilizations are a part of the material out of which He builds. Cycles come and go; nations rise and fall; arts and sciences flourish and fade; but in all this apparent loss and death, new gains and more abundant life are continuously disclosed. Truly, it requires a long, dispassionate, discriminating view to appreciate the backgrounds and foregrounds of the Hidden Artist; but every inch of the vast canvas is aglow with meaningful thought-colors to the perceiving mind. While God works with stars and atoms, and all the varieties of matter between the little and the large, yet does He unceasingly toil on through these to complete the souls bearing His own image. In brief, the God of Nature and the God of Grace is the selfsame God. This truth has always been more or less distinctly grasped by the greater minds of the race; and Paul has expressed it in terms familiar to all Christian students: "For God, Who commanded light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"But is the subject worth while? Is man important enough to command the love and wisdom of so great a God in so vast a universe?" These and kindred questions are usually asked at this juncture of our thought. And, after all, there are but two answers to these familiar, age-long queries.

The first is the answer of materialism, which interposes

a resounding no, a black negative. The stock argument of materialism runs somewhat after this fashion: The universe is so big, both in time and space, while man and his planet are so small in comparison, that it is inconceivable that so insignificant a globe and its inhabitants should ever disturb the thought of God—if indeed there is such a being. Thus, materialism is always balked in its effort to find God by the gigantic bogey of bigness! Infinite millions of tons of dirt cast so much dust into the materialist's eyes that he goes blind to everything else. As a consequence, he keeps on his sightless way, roaring out his pæan to "Dirt! Dirt! Nothing but dirt!" His argument seems to be that if a man weighed as much as a star, God would take notice of him; but inasmuch as man is physically smaller than a mountain or an elephant, it is quite impossible for God to be at all aware of a man's whereabouts!

Now, is it not an indisputable fact that from the sheer standpoint of "dirt," the materialistic creed has fallen upon hard times? Dirt—or matter, if you please—when brought into the court of enlightened public opinion, threatens to turn "state's evidence" that it may be freed from the evil associations of philosophic and scientific materialism. One of the outstanding facts of our time is this: Matter seems to be playing tricks with all materialistically-disposed minds. The modern epoch has witnessed such an invasion into the far, subtle, bewildering kingdoms of matter that mind fairly threatens to make itself *seeable*. If the materialist is not more careful as he goes stumbling through the provinces of actinium, polonium, and radium, he will be actually seen and captured by mind! The farther man penetrates into the dazzling solitudes of matter, the nearer he comes to touching the holy garments worn by mind itself. For Nikola Tesla and Madam Curie, and their army of fellow-workers in the wonders of matter, are proving that as we get beyond the coarser grades of "dirt," we seem almost in the presence of ethereal

energies that flash with the light of intelligence. Even the materialist knows that an ounce of radium is worth more than many tons of pitchblende; is there not good hope of his some time realizing that his soul is worth more than a whole universe of mere materialistic bigness? "We are not men because we have skill of hand," says our great American scholar-statesman, "but we are men because we have elevation of spirit." Nor are we less important as men because, forsooth, our bodies are rooted in the cosmos and surrounded by blazing galaxies of matter; we are of value to ourselves and to God because we are capable of Christ-like living here and hereafter.

The second answer is that given by Christianity. It is clear, definite, and adequate. This can be said of no other answer regarding the worth of the Infinite Artist's subject. Concerning this great answer through the mind of Christ, let us confess that civilization has scarcely spelled out more than a few of its golden syllables. While society is somewhat permeated with Christ's vision of human values, men are as yet hiding away in the twilight, blinking their half-shut eyes at its awful beauty. But there is a twilight preceding the dawn, as well as the twilight which deepens into darkness. Let us have faith that we are in the confusing twilight which holds the prophecy of a broadening day for mankind; when all nations, America included, shall come to the brightness of His international rising.

Turning to the Master, we find His major thought to be, next to the Fatherhood of God, the exceeding value of every human to God. This is at once one of the very greatest thoughts of Jesus, as well as one of the most difficult to accept. That every human is of infinite worth to God—how men, in their luminous hours, rejoice in so grand a hope! Evidences asking us to think otherwise are always at hand, and at times almost overwhelming in their pessimistic emphasis. Yet, the moment we reach

the mind of Jesus, we are compelled to admit that He steadily and profoundly regards every individual as of immeasurable worth to God His Father. The fact that men place such little value upon themselves and other men; the fact that there are countless generations with unnumbered millions, coming like buds in spring and going like leaves in autumn; the fact that sin and crime and injustice and pain and disease sweep the world like besoms of destruction—none of these horrible things ever swerves Him from the central thought that burned in His innermost consciousness: *The loss of a human being is so great because of the absolute value every human being has for God.* Christ viewed this subject from every angle of thought. To bring it home to the hearts of men, He called upon rains and flowers and birds and sheep and coins and heaven and hell to assist Him. For to Christ, as to no other in history, the universe glows with the hot consciousness of Personality. "Our Father;" "My Father;" "Your Father"—these are variations of His immortal music. "*I will make thee*"—our Lord and Master takes up the prophet's theme and lo! the worlds and ages are so many chimes pealing forth the melody of individual and social redemption.

"Lord God would write an epic, and the world,
New-molded from the void, rolled into space,
And with heaven's glittering myriads took its place,
Sapphired with oceans and with sands empearled.

Lord God would write an elegy. Swift grew
Great Babylon and Memphis, Athens, Rome;
Only to perish under dust and loam
Of centuries, 'neath heaven's relentless blue.

Then the Lord God, not wholly satisfied,
Where the dawn glowed and trembled, dipt his pen
And wrote a lyric. Ah! and then—and then
Thou—grave and tender, smiling, starry-eyed!"

"*I will make thee*"—the blooming of the human over the walls of time and eternity is assured because our human roots are struck deep into the Heart of God. Notwithstanding the long centuries between them, the prophet and the philosopher are in essential accord. "God and His world are one," says Professor Royce. "And this unity is not a dead natural fact. It is the unity of a conscious life, in which, in the course of infinite time, a divine plan, an endlessly complex and perfectly definite spiritual idea, gets expressed in the lives of countless finite beings and yet with the unity of a single universal life."

III

Consider that the picture, when finished, represents the acme of values. "I will make thee *an eternal excellency*." God has many and various properties within His extensive domain; but so far as our world is concerned, His most precious possessions are in human souls. To bring these to their best estate explains the urgency and passion of the Christian thought and purpose. If the revelation of God in Christ is to be taken seriously, the physical world is just a majestic frame for the setting of one bearing the likeness of the God of Love.

At least two things are implied in "*an eternal excellency*." First of all, there is the idea of permanent worth. Now, the only thing of abiding value is nobility of soul. Men always come back to that. Making wide excursions into the realms bounded by genius, culture, and power, man still experiences a kind of healthful homesickness for the imperishable grandeur represented in pure soul-worth. Think of Joan of Arc! Taken into the torture-chamber, she is shown the terrible instruments by which her body is to be pinched and torn and broken. "Confess," exclaims her marble-hearted persecutor, "or you will be stripped, and bound, and tortured." Looking her executioners

through, she answered: "Though you should tear me limb from limb, I would tell you nothing more." If matter is the manifestation of the divine as Force, while mind is the manifestation of the divine as Consciousness, both must come to a hushful pause before the apocalypse of a soul like that! Did not the Lily Maid of France—and fairest of all maids save the Mother of God—make even the air-waves in that dungeon of death musical with her words of noble daring? If it is great to think "upon the grandeur of the dooms of the mighty dead," Joan of Arc has made it sacramental to meditate upon that majesty of soul which remains at the very center of things destined to fade and pass. As we were going through the Art Institute of Chicago with Doctor Gunsaulus for our inspiring guide, he reminded that fortunate group that no picture can be of the first order of excellence which lacks a human figure. There are, of course, great paintings, like those of Turner, which are among the glories of art. And yet, however superior in execution, there is a certain vacancy in all canvases lacking "the human face divine." If this be in any sense true of art, how emphatically true it is of human life. It is greatness of soul only that satisfies man; as nothing less can satisfy God, He is agelessly striving to make man understand that he is the hiding-place of values whose realization and preservation must abundantly justify the travail and tragedy of history.

The second fact to be considered is the immeasurable beauty nestling at the heart of these words. "I will make thee an eternal *excellency*." God is not content to grow permanent, worthful souls; they must also flame with the ultimate beauty. So precious is His picture to the Infinite Artist that He commands all the great human colors to have part in His work. "The human artist," says A. Clutton-Brock in his golden book on the Kingdom of Heaven, "works in dead matter, not in living creatures; if he did, he would be a monster; and there are those who

would make a monster of God Himself." Inasmuch as I have no inclination to even suggest such a thought of God in this study, and inasmuch as God assuredly "works in living creatures," why not enlarge our conceptions of Who and What the Infinite Artist really is? Is not God infinitely wiser, better, stronger than all our thoughts of Him? Therefore, I like to think that He is constantly employing those mystic colors named joy and sorrow, hope and despair, health and sickness, wisdom and ignorance, youth and age, love and hate, life and death to give His human canvas the incomparable fineness of "an eternal excellency." For after all beautiful *things* have lost their beauty, beautiful *souls* go steadily on to a deepening beauty. "On this earth of ours," says Maeterlinck, "there are but few souls that can withstand the dominion of a soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful." It is the very truth of God, surely! Some are able to withstand the dominion of a beautiful soul, it is true; but look where you will, even amid the muck and mire of history, it is the lilies that hold their white and stainless dominion over the ugly and untoward. And why? Because of the beauty of God within them! Energized and transfigured by His own undying beauty and goodness, God's children experience those strokes of inner loveliness which continue to deepen even as all outer forms shrivel and change. "One flower, one tree, one baby, one bird singing, or one little village," it has been finely said of a fine soul, "would move her to love and praise as surely as a garden, a forest, a university, an orchestra, or a great city." She could, in the words of Henry Vaughan—

"Feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

A characterful human is the pledge of a character-filling God. And does He not give beauty for ashes? Ah, yes, He "will beautify the meek" with "the perfection of

beauty." Therefore, there are two prayers that Christians should pray every day of their lives. One is that antique prayer for individual beauty: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple." The other is that ancient petition, which reveals the secret of all social beauty: "Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." By making these our daily prayers we shall ever be more purposely playing into the tender, shaping hands of that Infinite Artist who finds chaos and creates harmony, who finds tears and creates joy, who finds sin and creates holiness, who finds desolation and creates "an eternal excellency." For to-day, as in the yesteryears—

"God speaks to hearts of men in many ways:
 Some the red banner of the rising sun
 Spread o'er the snowclad hills has taught His praise,
 Some the sweet silence when the day is done:
 Some after loveless lives at length have won
 His word in children's hearts and children's gaze.
 And some have found Him where low rafters ring
 To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
 And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
 Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
 And some not less are His, who vainly sought
 His voice, and with His silence have been taught—
 Who bear His chain that bade them to be bound,
 And at the end in finding not, have found."

II

THE LARGER FREEDOM

“And Agrippa said unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.”—Acts xxvi. 32.

History in the making is a kind of insoluble riddle. It seems so contradictory and immoral that it is at once bewildering and chaotic. Consider the three figures in my text as an illustration. Put yourselves back in that last half of the first Christian century. Look at these three men—Herod Agrippa II., Porcius Festus, and their prisoner. Everything seems to side with the king and governor, while the chained apostle makes a sorry figure indeed. Sorry, I mean, to history in the making. But history made has another story to tell. Now that we view Herod and Festus and Paul through historic and spiritual second sight, not one of us would be willing to exchange places with Paul, on the one hand, and with Agrippa and Festus, on the other. And why? Because we know that moral worth outweighs, in the scales of history, the immoral and ungodly. To history in the making, men appear somewhat like uncut diamonds. The Dudley Diamond, for example, originally weighed more than eighty-eight carats; but after being cut, it was reduced by half. Thus to history in the making, our human diamonds bulk large and very brilliant. The Herods and the Festuses march at the head of the column. But after history has been finished, and these gentlemen are cut to their true proportions, we make considerable effort to see them at all, while the Pauls and Johns and Peters

meet us everywhere. They flash a deepening splendor down our roads of life. They are the men and women who choose and are choosing the larger freedom rather than the smaller, though gilded, slavery. They, too, might have been set at liberty, such as it was, but they made their appeal unto those moral ubiquities which change not, enjoying high freedom and imperishable fame.

I

First of all, let us test this law of the larger freedom by the sense of right. There are people, of course, who have no deep sense of right; therefore, the law means nothing to them. Then there are people who have fitful, momentary glimpses of right. They resemble those underworld creatures who come up into the sunlight for a brief period, but for the most part dwell in the darkness. There are others, however, who keep their consciences in tune with right, with which "can be no variation, nor shadow that is cast by turning." They believe that black is black and white is white. They live according to their belief, and they speak according to their life. Like Paul, they might have the lesser liberty, but they choose the larger freedom and are willing to pay the price for it.

Now we must say two things about these uncompromising disciples of the highest. In the first place, they are most disconcerting. They are invariably upsetting our conventional views and practices. Like the two characters in "Flammonde," they make "life awkward for their friends," just because their friends are pursuing awkwardly unmoral, if not immoral, lives. We never can tell exactly what they are going to say out loud; they keep us on the tiptoe of wonder and of nameless dread, making us feel like those politicians who have their ears to the ground and from whom self-respecting folk turn with "averted gaze;" soon or late, they are certain to pull

down the flimsy pillars supporting our house of make-believe. Well do I remember one of this kind. Sometimes he walks with me in my waking hours; at other times he journeys with me in the mystic realms of dream. Weaponed with great thoughts and honest eyes and plain speech, he challenged the insincerity of the individual or group. It was not difficult for him to stand alone, because a certain native and acquired nobility of purpose set him in a class by himself. Oh, the inspiring scorn he poured into our vacant molds of being! His very presence was salubrious. He gave us the sense of high human grandeur. We did not always receive his gift with thankful hearts. Being morally sick ourselves and incapable of breathing the fine air which supported him, his gift was usually as unpleasant to take as a dose of medicine. Yet did his tonic manhood help to make us manfully well and we are increasingly grateful to him in the come and go of the years.

Such souls are not only disconcerting, but the habit of the world is to be rudely impatient with them. Of course the reason for this treatment of human genuineness is not far to seek. Most of us are experts in the matter of expediency. "Men," says Lowell, "are generally more desirous of being improved in their portraits than in their characters." Therefore, these singular people who emphasize character first and portrait-painting second, if at all, have the faculty of evoking the scornful impatience of the hedonist. Rebuking the acquisitive, sensational, pleasure-mongering majority, these disciples of the life which is life indeed seem to be pathetically out of place in this world of vigor and rigor. And yet, in the true vision of things, are they, after all, the figures over whom we should break our alabasters of sympathy? Certainly not! While they are busy losing the world with all its pomps and gauds, they are gloriously gaining their souls, with all their joys and satisfactions. Refusing the lower

liberty, they are joyous bondslaves of the higher freedom. They have inalienable rights of soul which they refuse to barter away; these have they earned by silent struggle and unpublished sacrifice; and unto these rights do they appeal when false doors of liberty open to admit them into realms unworthy and untrue. Emily Dickinson has commemorated these august lives in one of her quaintest, sweetest songs. True poetic sister of William Blake, her verses are "like poetry torn up by the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed." Here are the lines:

"To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom,
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,
Who fall, and none observe,
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow."

II

There is a second way in which the larger freedom asserts itself. It is in the choice of heavenly fame as compared with vulgar notoriety. I am not sure but here is one of the fatal weaknesses of the Church of the twentieth century. To-day, as in no former age, ministers and churches have the opportunity of sending their names to the ends of the earth. The newspaper, the magazine, the pamphlet, the book are vehicles in which one's name may ride around the globe. The advantages of this are at

once great and perilous. "But," you ask, "is it not one's duty to reach as many people as possible? Why not preach to hundreds as well as to scores, to thousands as well as to hundreds, to tens of thousands as well as to a few thousands?" Well, why not indeed? There is no reason, surely, for not doing so, *if*—and what a tremendous *if* it is!—if the preachers and churches are not victimized by the dry rot of superficial notoriety. When Doctor Big Noise begins to rattle around in a city or community he needs to be prayerfully labored over, lest he sell himself to the hucksters of vulgarity and forget the weightier matters of life and character. Is it not pathetic, even tragic, when we attempt to conceal our essential godlessness behind our unctuous, pious phrases? For when many men begin to sip the wine of fame they soon have little taste for the water of life, and their words rattle around with reverberant emptiness. The possibilities of egoism in average human nature are immense. Herein is the message, as well as the warning, of "The Egoist," by George Meredith. Stevenson ranks this book very high, holding that it stands in a place by itself. Once, in agony, a young friend of Meredith came to him and cried: "This is too bad of you. Willoughby is me!" "No, my dear fellow," said Meredith, "he is all of us."

But to draw a life-portrait of every human, as Meredith does, is not to correct our shortcomings. Diagnosis, however important, is not a cure. And that is what I am coming at in this phase of our study. What is the remedy for this injurious streak, this itching lust after publicity, so deeply ingrained in human nature? It lies in Christ's mastership of the soul, the active, indwelling Fatherhood of God, continuously witnessing unto His own life-giving presence. Here, as always, Jesus points the way. He opens the doors of that temple of heavenly fame from which the mawkish automatically excludes itself. "Take heed," He says, "that ye do not your righteousness before

men, to be seen of them; else ye have no reward with your Father Who is in Heaven." There are times when men must be regarded; there are also times when men must be ignored. Blessed is the soul who, duly regardful of the rights of man, is wisely jealous of the rights of God. Leaving the human behind, he urges his way into the fellowship of the Most High. It is in God, and in God alone, that he receives strength to live his own life inspiringly and helpfully. Without this continuous charisma of the Divine, we quickly fall victims to the babble around us and augment the verbal noise by becoming mere babblers ourselves. A second illustration of the Master is true prayer. In contrast to those play-actors, bitten by the poison of irreligion in the guise of worship, He says: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father Who is in secret, and thy Father Who seeth in secret shall recompense thee." Thus, if we really live at all, we live in this holy realm of personal relations. Anything short of this is not Christian; it may partake of any one of many isms or cults, even of respectable philosophic systems; but anything less than the living, personal God and the responsible human soul is unchristian. The quietness of the inner chamber and the shut door are the true antidote for this wild, obnoxious publicity-sickness which has attacked multitudes in our time. Neither the preacher, the individual Christian, nor the Church will ever be favorably known unto those it is their duty to save and serve, until each and all are intimately known unto God. Good deeds and noble lives advertise themselves; the yellow press will see to it that the other varieties are kept well to the front.

Let us consider, moreover, that the pursuers of heavenly fame hold the long future; they are momentarily marching toward their crowning day, while the others have already had the only coronation they deemed worth while, their

fading, tarnished crowns now being fit for only the rust-heap. Set over against these meretricious characters, for example, the father of the late Doctor James Denney, one of the outstanding theologians of our generation. "One of the things that has never been out of my mind," says the son, "since I went to Broughty Ferry and got four hundred pounds a year, is that my father worked from six in the morning till six at night, and often longer, from the time he was twelve till he died at seventy-two, never had a month's holiday in his life, and never made a seventh or an eighth of my income, though he was, in every sense of the term, as good a man as I am. The distribution of the rewards of labour between us was absurd." And the son is right; we know that the inequalities of temporal reward are unjust; but is there not, in this very feeling, the burning prophecy of a coming day when such injustices must be rectified? Otherwise, the universe is without moral order.

And yet, if it were not for the enriching values contributed to society by these loyal, suppressed lives, how poor humanity would be! Such lives remind us of that subterranean river in Spain. About thirty miles from its source the Guadiana is lost among swamps and finally disappears altogether. But here and there the invisible river throws up pools to the surface. The natives poetically name these pools "the eyes of the Guadiana." They are only tiny lakelets, but they indicate that the unseen river is flowing on by day and by night. Despite all handicaps, the submerged stream at last makes its contribution to the hospitable sea. Now the sea and God are alike in this: The one has immense depths and innumerable waves and billows, but it waits to welcome every mountain brook and every April raindrop; the Other has universes, angels, and men incalculable, but the Father of spirits is too poor not to miss one lost, strayed human. Yet, when this same blessed God, Who doeth wonders in

secret and toils on in silence, feels in His own consciousness the trembling tug of one of His awe-clad, silent souls, scorning the low and untrue, think you not that He hath greater joy than when a new world is born out of the firemist? For here is a finite soul akin indeed to His own Infinite Being; and one soul, in Heaven's estimate, is worth more than galaxies of dead matter. Such belong to that white-robed society who refuse the tawdry fame of earthly liberty and appeal unto the larger freedom which grows with the growing cycles. It is of these that our New England poet sings:

"One feast, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed,
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But thread to-day the unheeding street,
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known
 Sing with the welcome of their feet;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine,
 Their speech is filled from Heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright,
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore."

III

There is a third way in which the larger freedom manifests itself. We see it in those souls who deliberately choose to amass less property that they may earn more personality for God and man. To this end—the growing of Christlike personality—the universe seems to be dedicated. There are many things in the cosmos which apparently contradict this conception. Yet, on the whole, the truth that the Divine intention from the beginning of things was to produce Godlike human beings, is fairly well authenticated by history and experience. Scientists say that our world has brought forth no new physical creature for vast, almost inconceivable stretches of time. True, all of our civilizations and discoveries necessarily fall within the human period, and we are still but upon the threshold of discovery and invention; but we must remember that the stuffs out of which our inventions are wrought were originally stored up in our world-house; man has unpacked and made them into various forms and uses. Now, however, the real battleground is inner and spiritual; the contending forces are waging their warfare within the realm of personality. Pictorially speaking, on the one side is the will of God, on the other side are all intelligent wills, good and evil, and in the midst is this huge colosseum of roaring energy and matter, strewn with the wreckage of an unfinished humanity.

Now, within the historic period, the world has never been wanting in those elect souls who were more eager to grow personality than to get property. Their number, to be sure, is relatively small, but in sheer worth to the world they immeasurably outweigh all the others. That a man named Moses once lived on this planet is of immense significance to all men. The sobs and songs of a David lend a meaning to the sobs and songs of the marching, bleeding, triumphant multitudes. Isaiah's flaming vision

of God is an unquenchable light whereby we may behold the Lord, high and lifted up, when all petty earthly sovereigns are level with the dust. As for Paul, who brought the seed of liberty from Asia to Europe, and thence to America, we pronounce the names of Agrippa and Festus solely because they once looked upon that apostolic face. The character of Jesus, in whose comparison all human whites are inks, is worth more to commerce, education, art, science, and music than all the millionaires, educators, artists, scientists and musicians living, dead, and unborn. Then what is Jesus worth to the souls of men? *The new heavens and the new earth alone shall tell!*

But these human and divine mountain peaks stand not altogether alone. "Though I see well enough"—Carlyle wrote to Emerson after reading "Representative Men"—"what a great cleft divides us, in our ways of practically looking at this world, I see also (as probably you do yourself) where the rock-strata, miles deep, unite again: and the two souls are at one." It is likewise true of the unity of the great spiritual rock-strata; they are not separable by continents or ages; they are indissolubly one in the unifying power of their Lord and Master. Think of John Eliot giving himself to the Indians. Having no written language of their own, Eliot created a language, and then translated the Bible into that language—the first printed Bible in America. Picture this Christian gentleman, this university scholar, refusing to make money that he might help God make men. See him on the very last day of his life, a broken, feeble, faithful old man, teaching the alphabet to an Indian boy sitting by his bedside. Weep not for John Eliot, my friends; let us rather weep for ourselves because we have so little of his heroic, sacrificial spirit. Think of this little church in Kentucky sending forth one hundred preachers and missionaries during the century and a half of its existence! With a seating capacity of only three hundred and fifty, that building is

probably better known in Heaven than many cathedrals centuries old and with a seating capacity of thousands. A generous public contribution was recently made for the benefit of a family of orphan children at Evanston. And how did they become orphans? Why, when their parents were crossing the railroad tracks, the mother's foot became inextricably fastened between the rails. But look! Yonder comes a fast train thundering down upon them and the engineer cannot stop his grinding wheels of destruction. But is not the father and husband free? He can set himself at liberty, and the children need him. Never! He is bound by invisible fetters mightier than cables of gravity. Looking that oncoming train in the face, he said: "I will not leave you, dear." And he died consoling his companion. But did he do right? Leave that question for casuists to debate. The moral sublimity of that act teaches some of us the wisdom of silence and the grandeur of tears. Last summer at Niagara Falls I was again reminded of the death of that young bride and bridegroom some winters ago. They were walking on the ice, which suddenly gave way. Frantic warnings came, but it was too late. Heroic efforts at rescue were made, but all in vain. Thousands worked and watched and wept from shore and bridge. But steadily did that icy barge of death, bearing its immortal cargo of youthful lovers, drift on toward the Falls. While many faces were turned away in the moment of the fatal plunge, this is what others saw: *They saw that gallant lover remove his coat and lovingly wrap it around his bride.* But is not a man in the moment of perilous death at liberty to think of himself? No! Not if he is noble enough to forget himself and make his appeal unto the self-forgetting God, Who nerves his soul with such holy daring and chivalrous regard for another, that he not only defies physical death but enswathes it in the undying splendor of life.

III

CHRIST'S JUDGMENT OF THE UNIVERSE

“And He went forward a little, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”—St. Matthew xxvi. 39.

There are gardens and gardens, but Gethsemane is the strangest, most mysterious of all. There are gardens of white, and gardens of purple, and gardens of gold, but here is a garden of red. And is it not passing strange that this oriental garden is so profoundly astir to-night? Is not this a place of habitual quietude and restfulness—where tangled glooms shut out the heat of day, where Jerusalem's distractions dare not intrude, where perchance the sound of running water winds mysteriously through the channels of dream? No; this is not a garden of romance or reverie now; it has suddenly become a place of agonizing struggle, a place of world-deep revelation. Forces of good and evil are concentrated here in formidable phalanxes; something must be overthrown—something must be triumphant. A universe in shuddering necessity is asserting its plea to-night; therefore, indecision or indifference to its claims is out of place, even as the black and trembling hours are out of joint. Yet there is a Gardener here—a Gardener from behind the stars! Is He not searching about through all the dark spaces of His garden in quest of flowers? And lo! He finds them. One is the Flower of Agony, and one is the Flower of Trust, and one is the Flower of Fatherhood. But laying aside all figures of speech, is not Gethsemane the place in

which our Lord's judgment of the universe is pronounced? Let us consider, therefore, what He found, and what He makes it possible for His friends, servants, and lovers to find.

I

Reflecting upon Christ's judgment of the universe, as disclosed in Gethsemane, He found a universe in agony. Entering into and sharing that mysterious agony at the soul of things, He was made to shudder and cry aloud, "If it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me." What is this but the reaction of the Divine Soul toward a universe in travail? It is wonderful beyond words to meditate upon an interplanetary system in the process of becoming. We reckon with the Mind that conceived it, with the Will that produced it, with the Power that momentarily sustains it, and our finite intelligence is oppressed even while it is thrilled with awe. Yet when we consider the obstinacy of matter, the instinct of the animal, the mind of the human—the refined inner stuff and substance of organic and inorganic realms—we are compelled to ask if it is possible for God to complete such a physical and spiritual scheme named the Kingdom of Heaven without suffering, without agony? "For we know," says Paul, "that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with us until now." The cosmos itself is undergoing a kind of vast, agonizing birth-throe, quivering with the pangs characteristic of universal motherhood, in which man is a keenly sensitive participant.

Yonder in that Garden of Mystery, where thought must always remain in the kneeling posture, our Lord is most acutely experiencing the dark things inherent in a world such as ours. Inasmuch as He was so finely strung, so unutterably keyed to truth and mercy and justice and love, His ocean-deep Nature likewise felt the sorrow and sympathy and indignation which imperfection and injustice

invariably elicit from all high souls. Here in the Garden He seems like One on some strange island of enigma. Wild seas of terror are rolling in from the deeps of infinite night and lashing that lonely spot with awful fury. What murky billows are these breaking all around Him! They are colored with sin, weakness, ignorance, misunderstanding, jealousy, hate, and inhumanity. Islanded and alone in the universe, He seems to be slowly engulfed within the black abysses of these many-colored, smothering billows. "If it be possible," He cries, as He sinks beneath it all, "let this cup pass away from Me." The suffering wrought by this poisoned wine of being is too dread for even the lips of God to taste. Take it away—oh! take it away, lest creation be deprived of its Creator! Whatever it all means, we are sure of this: The Son of Man and the Son of God is at close and deadly grips with the problem of evil.

Making a closer analysis, we may say that the Saviour is sharing in two kinds of the universal agony. First, but not most important, He experienced the terror of evil on its physical side. Think you that He was unaware of the problem, as old as the ages, growing out of the destructive forces arrayed against man and beast—storm, flood, earthquake, famine, pestilence, and disease? It is unthinkable that this tremendous problem should have escaped the mind and experience of the world's only Saviour. But into whatever mind this question really comes, there is mental suffering. The laws of thought will not permit it to be ignored; yet those very laws cannot entirely pluck the heart out of this mystery. Hence the resultant dilemma, the strong crying and tears. Why was that man born blind, and that one a life-long cripple, and that one a loathsome leper? "Because of heredity, or disease, or ignorance!" you exclaim. But why did a good God make a world in which such things are possible? Thus does your answer simply set in motion a train of questions

asked by blatant infidels and sincere doubters in every age. But whatever the solution, we know that Jesus felt the intolerable burden and mystery of physical evil. The value of life—the joy of being—far more than compensated Him for all the handicaps attending it. He taught that all evil is not sin, though sin is evil. Seeing a man blind from his birth, the disciples asked Jesus: “Rabbi, who sinned, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind?” The question voices the belief of all ages and, in some measure, of all peoples—that all physical evil is the result of sin. Jesus says no! “Neither did this man sin, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.” Here is one of the supreme contributions to thought concerning the place of evil in a universe in the making. Physical evil is tolerable if God works through it toward some glorious end; otherwise, would it not shrivel up man’s soul and paralyze his nerve of faith?

But it is the spiritual phase of evil—the mystery of iniquity—that is most baffling and overwhelming to deep-living souls. By reason of the very superiority and sensitiveness of His powers our Lord felt the violence, the deadliness, and the ravages of sin as no other was capable of feeling them. Always aware of this dread thing, hiding like a grim specter in the background of life when it was not writhing in the foreground, yet on that last night in Gethsemane did it seem to oppress Him with a species of unspeakable horror. The very moment He enters the Garden He is enfolded in a darkness behind and within the darkness. Mysterious powers of evil—subtle, weird, preternatural—are suddenly released against Him. The earth is all atremble and the skies drip terror. He enters upon a struggle which threatens to tear reason up by the roots. Braver than the bravest, more heroic than the most heroic, the Lord Jesus is here face to face with a foe that defies the most extraordinary bravery and heroism. Therefore, to speak of Jesus as one of the martyrs is a species

of spiritual stupidity. In the presence of this besieging, crushing, loathsome antagonism, continuing unto His heartbreak on Calvary, with which Christ is wrestling under the olives, terms like courage, bravery, and martyrdom have no place simply because they contain no meanings big enough to fit His experience and work. Thus, while all words and figures are inadequate to define that which does not and cannot come within the requirements of definition, is it too much to say this: In the Garden, where the roots of His Divine Emotion put forth crimson tears, the Redeemer begins to drink the deeper draughts from that cup of sin which overflowed on Calvary, and which, instead of permitting it to be taken away, He drained to the deepest dregs. Be not surprised that for a time the unfathomable contents of that Cup quenched the light of the sun even while its mephitic vapors shut out the Face of God. Too awful for words, the soul simply kneels here hushedly and adoringly. "If it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me." Yea, there are depths and vastnesses in sin's malignant nature which cause even the feet of Deity to draw back with trembling!

Let us here enforce a much-needed lesson for our time. If Christ disclosed a universe in the throes of physical and spiritual agony—a cosmos in process of becoming as well as a cosmos groaning under its weight of sin—how false and unchristian it is to minify human sin, and, consequently, human responsibility therefor. Let us look the facts in the face. Freely grant that physical evil may be a kind of shavings in the workshop of creation, but give no such hostages to sin—the act of a will either enslaved by or in unholy love of wrong; that destroys the fairest of human possibilities; yea, it enshadows the light of God's countenance and smites His heart through with unappeasable ache and yearning over children determined to walk in the devious ways of death and final despair. No teacher can be a true friend of right and speak lightly of

sin. Excuse it as we may, apologize for our own sinfulness as we will, let us remember that the black, dire fact is here—an opiate in the will, a frenzy in the imagination, a madness in the brain, a poison in the heart. Culture cannot extract it; art cannot conceal it; indifference cannot forego it; foolish cults cannot clear it away. Somewhat grimly but truly does Emily Dickinson sing:

“I like the look of agony,
Because I know it's true:
Men never sham convulsion,
Or simulate a throe.”

Likewise, in keeping with Christ, Paul, Augustine, and all other profound natures refusing to drink the wine of delusion, does another great modern singer express the truth:

“Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan:
We are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.”

II

While our Saviour found agony in the universe, He found something more and greater—He found mastery, triumph over pain and mystery. Hear the sublime roll of that heart-red threnody from Gethsemane: “Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” Here are two ways of approach to the profoundest of problems: First, there is the unavailing way—the way of sheer struggle, of matching the naked will with the gigantic forces opposed to it. Groaning within itself underneath the olives of mystery and staining the very grass with its bloody sweat, it cries: “I will—I will—I will cleave my way through it all. Every black foe of opposition must go down before me!” Such resolution and steadfastness are daring, heroic, sublime. They may well defy the covering night

through the "unconquerable soul." For the fury of seas, the wild grandeur of storms, the terror of earthquake, the splendor of galaxies—what are these mindless powers compared with that mindful, self-conscious intelligence lodged in the human will? They cannot be compared because they belong to different orders. "If the entire physical universe should conspire to crush a man," said Paschal, "the man would still be greater than the entire physical universe, because he would know that he was crushed." The superiority of the frailest self-consciousness over infinite masses of matter is immeasurable. And yet the gaunt "I will!" of human courage set over against life's roaring seas of evil is a kind of bleak and barren coast unvisited by singing birds and unsweetened by fragrant flowers. It is a will that goes deep, let us say, but not deep enough. It fails to sink its roots into the water of life. Hence the barrenness in the midst of its own admirable, cold, white majesty. Do we not know men and women who have thus armed themselves? They fight with deathless fortitude; but can we say that they bring onto the battlefield those reënforcements which not only make victory sure, but also make the victory worth while? For after every conquest stands this question, which will not down: Was the battle worth fighting, and was the spirit in which the victory was won the spirit of right? In the end of the day the question is not—Does the end justify the means? nor, Do the means justify the end? but: Were both means and end atremble with the breath of right, of God? And just because of this lower, unavailing way, because of this unilluminated wilfulness in man, the physical evil of the universe has been vastly augmented, life has been poisoned at its roots, and, therefore, we have these sere, murky leaves upon the tree of being instead of rich, ripe fruitage—good men and women, as Milton suggests, being the fairest fruits the earth lifts up to God. If the foul rivers of iniquity dug by man's own hands

were suddenly converted into channels of purity, such streams of healthful irrigation would roll around the earth that the desert would blossom and the jungle become a veritable garden of God.

Over against this unavailing way, consider the Master's method. "Nevertheless,"—though I have done My utmost and though My will is set upon another way—"Nevertheless,"—oh, can you not feel this vaster, deeper inbreathing of the Everlasting Goodness?—"Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Consider the threefold aspect of the Saviour's victory. First of all, there is what we may characterize as revision. What had Jesus been saying and doing up to this fateful hour? That God was His Father, that He and the Father understood each other, that He had come from Heaven to earth to save men from their sins, that He would die upon the Cross, and rise again on the third day. These were among the things our Lord had been teaching, and they were wondrously attested by His own character, as well as by His deeds of mercy and love. In brief, He came with a program. Always sure of Himself, clothed in an atmosphere of serenity which absorbed the fogs of worry and mistrust, He had kept the path of His Saviourhood as grandly and as luminously as a star keeps its orbit. And behold! here at last are bloody wrestlings and agonizing prayers and mysterious struggles! What does it all mean? It means that He was a Saviour in fact—that, however much more, He was one with like passions as ourselves; that, grapple as He alone could with the awfulness and tragedy of sin, there was yet within it an element of deepening surprise and oppressive frightfulness that agitated Him to the utmost. Had He not hitherto found the cup of sin bitter enough? Think of the opposition, the misunderstanding, the ignorance, the hypocrisy, the malignance always standing athwart His path. But now that cup—that galling, gruesome, blistering cup He had come to drink—suddenly discloses un-

imagined miseries and undreamed ignominies within its boiling depths. For a little moment His great, dear, pure Soul shrank back. "Oh, My Father," He prays, "take it away." But the words scarcely escape His lips before His trust corrects them. "Nevertheless, not as I will"—My plans, great as they are, are capable of revision into a profounder greatness; they verify their inmost grandeur just because they can be revised into something larger.

Here, then, is the first element in our own spiritual mastery. No matter what prevision, no matter what definite, noon-clear aims and motives reign within us, our life-program is capable of being infinitely revised, and, consequently, indefinitely enlarged by the shaping stuff of reality playing into us and through us. Every genuinely living soul experiences this truth. Prone upon the ground, unable to go forward or backward, above us only the unfeeling olives and far up the hills of space only the blazing stars, yet somewhere near and within are poised the twelve legions of God's angels—eager to be called and yet whom we refuse to call—wondering at the larger tone and chime we are taking on through the spiritual revisions we not only accept but challenge.

Second: Revision¹ glides into and is enveloped by inclusion. "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It is the sudden leap of a soul into the vastnesses of God. All the lesser facts of being noiselessly vanish away through the conscious linking and merging of the human will with the Divine. If God underwent a new and real experience in the Incarnation, then the secret of this inreach of the human into the heavenlies has been made easier, more understandable. For God has come through all forms of matter and experience to meet and greet His human child and lead him motheringly home into the hushed and satisfying sanctuaries of perfect love. Our Saviour, in this golden readjustment of a growingly perfect Will to the Absolute and All-perfect, proves that life, however

rich, completes itself in larger and ever larger measures of life. "Though He was a Son," says the writer of Hebrews, "yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered." What high thought-movement, born of life itself, is here! First, He "learned;" second, He was "made perfect;" third, "He became unto all them that obey Him the cause of eternal salvation." As the universe is plastic, capable of endless modifications, surely the Supreme Soul of the Universe cannot be rigid, stereotyped, mechanical. Steeple-jacks tell us that every well-built tower is notable for its capacity to sway to and fro. Trinity steeple in New York sways eighteen inches every time an electric train passes. St. Paul's tower is said to sway in the storm like a beautifully balanced cradle. When the wind blows very hard, the Washington Monument sways between four and five feet. If these structures had been built in severely rigid fashion and without yielding power, the wind would have broken them long ago. "Perhaps you don't know it," says an authority, "but the better a steeple is built the more she sways. You want to look out for the ones that stand rigid; there's something wrong with them—most likely they're out of plumb." It is even so of a soul threading its pilgrimage through the enchanting and bewildering ways of God. We capture height after height of life only to learn that there are still greater heights beyond. Not by exclusion, not by negation, not by selfishness, but by going "forward a little," by falling upon the face, by watchings alone, by prayers unfailing but not unavailing—by these Christ-inspired attitudes of heart do we break through granite walls of circumstance and home ourselves at last in that hospitable inclusiveness which lies like a circle of perfection around the universe. "Nevertheless"—this is life's abiding corrective—"not as I will"—however pure and loyal my aim—"but as Thou wilt." A Saviour like this can be trusted through all lives, all deaths, all worlds; and the soul that trusts such a Saviour

must ultimately take its place, unembarrassed and unafraid, among the holiest characters and deepest intelligences within the outermost ranges of being. Thus does it behoove us all to—

“Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to His style and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built He Heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds;
Or like a traveler’s fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.”

The third thing inevitably follows; it is mastery; and it comes with the certainty of cause and effect, being the coronation of a soul that swings triumphantly past pain and evil into the spiritual hinterlands. Refusing to make terms with unreality and benumbing stoicism, our Master realized His masterfulness through trust in another and greater Will. Trust in God is humanity’s final grandeur; simple, childlike trust is the power that unfolds the best in the best quality of our manhood. Look at St. John. As the living Christ begins to dominate him, there is first his period of imagination. He writes the Apocalypse; he builds New Jerusalems of gold and of amethyst. Next dawns the era of reason when he writes his Gospel. He

has found the Eternal Reason, made flesh in Christ. Loveliest of all, he passes into the mood of childlike trustfulness, even as a stormy day sometimes passes into the tranquil splendor of a gorgeous sunset. "Little children,"—we hear him whispering the loftiest notes in the music of redemption—"love one another." Having made the rounds of creation in his climb to the snows of age, St. John spies out the heavenly nurseries and sweetly enters them through the yielding door of trust.

III

The third thing Christ found in the universe is Fatherhood. "*My Father!*" I have purposely set this major truth at the end because it is really first and last—always and everywhere the outstanding truth of Jesus' thinking, doing, and dying. In our human vocabulary motherhood is the one term that ranks with fatherhood; but both, in all their heights and depths of tenderness, are embosomed in Christ's discovery and revelation of the Fatherhood at the heart of the worlds. He read it everywhere in nature. He saw it in sky, rain, flower, bird, animal, and human. Looking through the outer shell of things, Jesus found not a Creator merely, not a God only, but something that transfigured these august names—He found Fatherhood, the wise, patient, loving, brooding, bleeding Heart, yearning over His myriads of childhoods throughout the whole creation. Notwithstanding the other grim things He found—things which refuse to be blinked and winked out of existence—the Fatherhood of God is the overarching, undergirding, penetrating reality that bathes universal being in a soft and healing splendor. "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?" He wonderingly asked His parents, when they found Him in the temple. Thus the first recorded word of Jesus is "Father;" and the last word He utters while hanging between the worlds is like-

wise "Father." "Father," He says, "into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Here, then, is the greatest thought upon the greatest theme. How important and inspiring to know what the masters think of things in which they are acknowledged experts! Plato's thought of philosophy, Shakespeare's thought of poetry, Newton's thought of gravitation, Rembrandt's thought of color, Beethoven's thought of music, Liebig's thought of chemistry—how interesting to interrogate these rare minds about matters in which they are indisputable masters! And yet what infinite lengths behind Jesus are they both in the subject-matter of their thought and in their manifestation of mastery! God—the character and mind of God—that is far and away the sublimest thought within the compass of the human or the superhuman. Yet Jesus moves about in this mysterious thought-atmosphere and life-realm with beautiful ease and unutterable majesty—not a majesty that is cold and white and distant, but a majesty that is warm and winsome and motherlike. "Fact or not," says George Macdonald, "the existence of a God such as Christ, a God who is a good man infinitely, is the only idea containing hope enough for man." Why, Christ's disclosure of God is of more value to the progress and civilization of mankind than all the discoveries and inventions which have been or ever can be made. Removing the veil from the enshadowed face of creation, Jesus lets the Face of God shine through. This, I say, is the zenith of achievement for all known and unknown realms of intelligence. And here in Gethsemane our Lord and Saviour finds the Fatherhood of God illuminating all mystery and enfolding all agony. "*My Father!*"—herein is melody for the dirge, sweetness for the cup of gall, strength immortal for mortal weakness!

This, my friends, is the balm for our hurt hearts and self-wounded souls. There is no other. All else is mirage and gray wastes of flowerless regret. Here is a fount in

the desert, a green tree amid the waste, a garden blooming in the zones of desolation, a sun shining through the darkest midnight. A physician once told me this story: A botanist was working somewhere in the Alps. He discovered a rare plant growing from the soil deposited in the side of a great, rocky gorge. Desiring the plant very much, he was about to give up hope of possessing it, owing to its difficult and dangerous position. Just then he saw a little Swiss lad some distance away. Calling the boy to him, the scientist said: "My boy, I will give you a crown if you will allow me to let you down by a rope that you may pluck yonder plant for me." The boy thought seriously for a little while; the risk was indeed great, but the crown was worth winning. At last the boy said: "I will do it, if you will let my father hold the rope." And he ran away to find his father. Sometimes we, too, are hurled over cliffs of circumstance, plunged into chasms of mystery, rolled in abysses of sorrow. But oh! if our Father—the God and Father of our blessed Saviour—holds the rope that ties us to Himself, we shall not only pluck the green things growing in austere and unlovely places, but we shall at last be drawn up and up to those dear, white heights of unbroken communion and fellowship whereon His Fatherhood makes even the night to shine as the day. "And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to His purpose."

IV

THE IRON GATE

"And when they were past the first and the second guard, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city, which opened to them of its own accord."—Acts xii. 10.

This chapter recalls a passage in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean." In the name of paganism, Julian the Apostate fights a losing battle against the Galilean. On the night before his last battle Julian recalls this dream: "Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of Him should be rooted out on earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space till my feet rested on another world. But behold—there came a procession by me, on the strange earth where I stood. And in the midst of the slow moving array, was the Galilean, alive, and bearing a cross on His back. Then I called to Him and said: 'Whither away, Galilean?' But He turned His head toward me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said, 'To the Place of the Skull.' Where is He now? What if He goes on and suffers, and dies, and conquers again and again, from world to world?" Well, if there are other worlds to conquer the Galilean will conquer them. Before Him the Herods and the Julians must fall back like hideous nightmares before the sword of reality. He must reign in all parts of the universe. No gate of fire can shut Him out, no gate of glory can shut Him in. No present or future civilization can escape His glorious thralldom; no vanished epoch but must stand before His great and gracious judgment seat. As an

orchestra is a mellifluous ocean of harmony, through which wind many streams of violin, flute, and lyric melody, so the universe is a vast harp, quivering with many strings of expression. All strings respond to the Master's touch. Angelic majors and human minors; natural discords and supernatural harmonies; all sights, all sounds, all seasons, all hopes, all fears—all are taken by Christ and given righteous and euphonious interpretation. So the iron gate that opened as noiseless as a sunrise is an argument for the opening of all iron gates—somehow, sometime, somewhere. And Christ is the Lord of the somewhere, the sometime, and the somehow.

I

"They came unto the iron gate." Let us make it read: "They and *we*." For we are all fellow-prisoners of Peter. Our iron gates are so near that we hardly need to come to them. Frowning, sullen, grim, they stand across life's roadways. They are in front of us, behind us, on every side. The iron gate of mystery, the iron gate of ignorance, the iron gate of weakness, the iron gate of affliction—ah! how the rusty obstacles loom stark and terrible before us! "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." It is the sob of a soul conscious at once of its wrongness, finiteness, and vastness. "Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble." It is the moan of a heart whose throbs soon beat themselves out into the voiceless silences. A Brooklyn mother lost her son. She had two, but if she had had a thousand her mother-heart would not willingly have given up a single one. She was telling her pastor of her loss. Her whole soul seemed to gather in her eyes. Waving her hand toward the East River, she said: "I wouldn't give one kiss of my baby for all the gold in Wall Street." Call it hyperbole if you will, but love's exaggeration is Heaven's unutterable smile.

Walt Whitman said he saw the phantoms, rise after rise, bowing behind him. But our iron gates are not phantoms. Nor do they bow behind us. They tower before us; they creak within us; they open and shut on groaning hinges. And sin is one of the iron gates shutting us out from present joy and ultimate reality. Accepted or denied, this is one of the unalterable facts of life. Moses made sin a crime against God. Plato made sin an intellectual affair. The Greek held that if we knew more we should sin less; and if we knew all we should not sin at all. But history is against the philosopher, while history and experience are with Moses.

However, Peter did not walk up to his iron gate all alone. "They came unto the iron gate." The universe is a vast network of social forces. Every atom is tugging at his tiny atomic brother. They may be separated by vast distances. Yet that thrill of sympathy named gravitation does not allow them to be unrelated. Through all the veins of creation they flow toward each other. They exchange greetings across the gulfs of space. But our social universe was created and is sustained by a social God. This is a part of what we mean when we say Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Because man lives in a social universe belonging to a social God he is federated in with all sweet and noble societies. Angels are his helpers and companions. Celestial policemen, they wing everywhere on errands of recovery. Most of us are too local, both in faith and vision, to appreciate this truth. We are too noisy to hear the beat of angelic wings. But Peter and the first Christians were almost as familiar with these lightning-winged messengers of God as we are with stocks and stones. They had daily and hourly news from eternity. That is why they shouldered iniquity out of the way. We are entirely too content with news via Park Row. That is why we are so morally saltless and spiritually stupid. Proud of our intellectual bombast, we are not penitential enough for our unchristian shabbinesses.

Nevertheless, God and the universe have not changed their front. Man is not an orphan. Angels still companion him. He may still face his iron gates with solar countenance. "The supreme end and purpose of this vast universe," says Alfred Russel Wallace, "was the production of the living soul in the perishable body of man." Thus the latest and the oldest are in perfect unison. God makes life a music of many notes, but one harmony. Twenty centuries before Wallace, Paul said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Before Paul, Plato wrote: "Let me tell you, then, why the Creator created and made the universe. He was good, and desired that all things should be as like Himself as possible." But the Greek, the apostle, and the scientist are all anticipated by Genesis: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." Still the eternal goodness is not yet exhausted. Building his house upon the edge of the grave, man soon gives his body to the dust and yields his spirit back to God. Something more definite and oracular was needed. Surpassing the ministry of angels, God now slips into humanity's hand the key that opens all iron gates: "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth." So did God enrobe Himself in our humanity and wear it up the gold-throned hills of light.

II

Coming unto the iron gate—what then? Why, the city: "They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city." Man's far-flung goal is a holy city. We love the country—its green of spring, its harvests of summer, its gold of autumn, its white of winter. There is an essential inter-relatedness between the city and the country. They are not rivals in the Divine economies. They are complementary, each fulfilling the other. Yet the big

problems of humanity, the vast benevolences, the generic evils, the ancient desolations, the inspiring heroisms, the untold want and the indescribable luxury, the heavens and hells of humanity, center in the motley aggregations of the city. More's Utopia, Bacon's New Atlantis, Campanella's City of the Sun, Harrington's Oceana—all the ideal commonwealths have the qualities of ideal cities. Man's dream is the reflex of God's purpose. The seer beheld the New Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God. But man is to take the holy city of a redeemed personality back to God. This is time's superior wonder. The capital of the universe is a city of transfigured personalities. The foundations of the one are adorned with all manner of precious stones; the foundations of the other are a living mosaic of Christ-like principles. The first foundation is the jasper of truth; the second the sapphire of faith; the third the chalcedony of hope; the fourth, the emerald of love; the fifth, the sardonyx of vision; the sixth, the sardius of compassion; the seventh, the chrysolite of kindness; the eighth, the beryl of long-suffering; the ninth, the topaz of meekness; the tenth, the chrysoprase of patience; the eleventh, the jacinth of beauty; the twelfth, the amethyst of goodness. The gates are the twelve pearls of a Christianized will. And the street of this holy human city is the pure gold of godlike purpose, transparent as glass.

More wonderful, then, than the city into which Peter and the angel went, were the spiritual cities they carried within them. Go out into your own city with its teeming millions. Humanity looks very cheap while real estate is exceeding dear. Mark well your great buildings, your subways, your parks, your boulevards, your docks, your railways. Now go to the dingiest den and listen to the cry of the poorest, weakest little child in all this seething mass of humanity. That child is of more value in God's sight than every skyscraper, every banking institution,

every art gallery, every church building, every educational center on these two islands. "Oh," but you say, "that is an outburst of humanitarian sentiment, and an unwarranted exaggeration. I know the value of a single soul, but——" Ah! but, my friend, if the Incarnation be not a misnomer, if Calvary be not a piece of make-believe, if Easter morning be not a delusion, if Olivet be not a masquerade, then this is the sober truth. A single human being, bearing the image of its God, is of more value than many solar systems. We may not believe this, but God does; and that is why we have the Christian evangel. We must read humanity and the universe in the light of Christ, and not Christ in the light of humanity and the universe. If man cannot profit by gaining the world and losing his soul, much less shall we reach the goal of being by gaining a perfectly human and a perfectly inadequate philosophy and losing the only solution we have of life's final values.

III

In describing Peter's angel-aided break for liberty, the historian is careful of details. Telling us the nature of the gate and what it led to, he does not forget to tell us how it opened. "Which opened to them of its own accord." Nolan Rice Best has an illuminating book on "Beyond the Natural Order." The New Testament is full of events plainly due to causes that lie beyond the natural order as we know it. As events, they belong to history. They cannot be ignored. They cannot be explained away. They are properly "signs"—signals that the Active Engineer is out in the trackways of His universe. As to the how, the wherefore, and the reasons of such events they belong also to the region of faith. The justification of a miracle, in Christ's view, was a moral demand. Once the demand asserts itself, the answer is a "sign" that God is living,

powerful, good. The late Newton Clarke—one of the noblest theologians of the last twenty-five years—has left this definition of God: “God is the Personal Spirit, perfectly good, Who in holy love creates, sustains and orders all.” Following his own analysis, we have: The nature of God: He is a Personal Spirit. The character of God: He is perfectly good. The relation of God to all other existence: He creates, sustains, and orders all. The motive of God in His relation to all other existence: His motive is holy love. Now, after reading this definition and its exposition, taken in conjunction with the facts of the New Testament, the life and work of Christ, “there is nothing,” according to Lord Kelvin, “between absolute scientific belief in a Creative power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion.” I have thus blended the theologian’s definition and the scientist’s statement for this reason: They both agree that the Vital Cause is equal to any demand, and all the more so if a moral reason lies behind it.

The question, then, is this: Was there a moral reason for the opening of that iron gate? Not, mark you, did it open, or refuse to open, so as to fit in with your theory or mine; but was there a sufficient cause for its being opened? If so, then “The Silent Opener of the Gate” may open it without asking the permission of that uneasy ghost called the modern mind. Surely, the reason is ample enough. The life of one of the pillars of the Christian Church is at stake. That Church is in the critical period of its infancy. It is utterly incapable of caring for itself. An infant crying in one of the darkest nights of history, it has no language but a cry. A brutal king is bent on aiding the foes of that Church. Plainly, nothing short of an extraordinary intervention can save the apostle’s life. These are at least some of the facts in the situation. Now, if there is a God, and if He has revealed Himself in Christ,

how can He avoid interfering? God is the most deeply obligated Being in the universe. How shall God escape His duty? He may not do it as we think He ought. But the Judge of all the earth must do right just because He is the Judge of all the earth, of the whole universe, and not a segment of it.

Knit in with the moral reason is the question of possibility. "What about the reign of law?" you ask. Behind that question is another: Did God create the universe, and then become its victim? Some millions of æons before the reign of law had become a phrase, the universe was a fact. The reign of law is just a theoretical jailer which makes God an emaciated prisoner of the universe. But the August Prisoner has invariably refused to stay locked up. In a sense, the reign of law is a figment of the unilluminated imagination. "The intellect," says Bergson "is characterized by a natural inability to understand life." And we live in a living universe, the universe is the garment of the living God, and God transcends His garment as the mind transcends the brain in which it is housed. Bolts and bars are simply composed of molecules, then atoms, then electrons, then ether whirls. The mother-substance of the worlds, the primeval material from which the solar system has come, is of a texture like that of clouds, a kind of vapor. Is it possible that God can originate ether whirls, out of which all nebulae and all systems are born, and yet cannot make an iron gate open of its own accord? Verily, it requires more faith to believe such a proposition than it does to believe in the opening of many iron gates. The New Testament would save the modern mind from becoming the paralyzed victim of a syllogism.

IV

But I am not trying to justify miracles. They do not need it. I am trying to justify myself, first, in the light of the facts of the Christian revelation, and, second, in

the light of science. The man who says he cannot believe in miracles because of scientific discovery needs to read more science. If a little science has predisposed him to unbelief, much science will compel him, as Kelvin says, to faith as the only possible alternative for an honest mind. Do you think the opening of an iron gate is wonderful? Then what will you say to the birth of worlds, in the womb of space, going on now before the astronomer's eyes? Coming nearer home, here is a time-piece. It consists of two leaves of aluminum, an exhausted glass tube and a fraction of a grain of radium. Once every minute the radioactivity of the radium causes the aluminum leaves to move. By means of a wireless coherer, a bell rings at each movement of the leaves. Now the wonderful energy inherent in that microscopic piece of radium, it is believed, will continue to act for ten thousand years. In other words, that bell will ring every minute for the next hundred centuries. Think, again, of the boundless energies locked up in the ether. The density of ether is a million million times that of water. The estimated force between the earth and sun is four trillion tons weight. What enormous strength in the ether to bear the weight of suns and planets! Yet Lodge says that one cubic millimeter of free ether contains enough energy to run a million-horse-power station, working uninterruptedly for forty million years.

Why according to this scientist, a microscopic speck of ether could have kidnaped Herod, his army and the Roman Empire! Take a biological illustration. Conditions being favorable, we know that life reproduces itself on an incalculable scale. Here is a single bacterium. It is so small a bit of protoplasm that if 1,500 bacteria were arranged in a procession end to end they would not reach across the head of a pin. Suppose you take a solitary bacterium at high noon to-day. By 1 o'clock the single cell will have become two. By 2 o'clock there will be two granddaughter cells, thus totaling a community of four

cells. But within twenty-four hours, starting from that lone bacterium, there will be 16,776,216 bacteria. Prudens calculates that if that single creature were to go on multiplying itself, within five days its mass would completely fill as much space as is occupied by all the oceans on earth, provided they are only a mile in average depth.

Next to the New Testament, then, the strongest arguments for the supernatural are found in modern mechanics, biology, chemistry, electrophysics, and astronomy. What John Burroughs calls the new vitalism is the old life which was in the beginning, "that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld and our hands handled, concerning the Word of Life." Ruskin was not far astray. He said that much of our modern education enables people to think wrongly on every subject of importance. After all, brightening the cosmic emotion is a sorry substitute for personal trust in the Christian God. The optimism which thoughtlessly hurrahs for the universe, ignoring the keenly, distinctly moral and spiritual majesties, is as evanescent as dawn-mist before the hot breath of the sun. It lacks teeth, it does not bite into the substance of things. There is no excuse for the modern mind journeying through the wilderness of Hume and Haeckel. Even the depraved educational tastes, for which Ruskin condemns us, should not permanently doom us to garlic and flesh-pots, when the Tree of Life bends its luscious fruit right across our pathway. The desert is fleeing before a garden; the canker-worm is consumed by the bird of paradise; the serpent's head is bruised by the woman's heel; the reign of law has lost its grip on the living God. A hypothesis is good, but life is better. Reason never intended that reality should be the slave of a theory. We know that the invisible Gate-keeper opens all gates. It matters not whether they be iron, or pearl, or silver, or gold. They open of their own accord just to announce the presence and freedom of the Keeper. If the spectrograph reveals the gold in the sun, the copper in Mars, the iron on the moons of Jupiter,

the "faithograph" of the Christian reveals the nearness, the helpfulness, and the freedom of Almighty God. Peter's iron gate was opened in answer to prayer. That is intensely interesting in itself, both as a fact and a speculation. Not less interesting is this truth: Your own iron gates will yield to the same power.

V

Consider, finally, Peter's own self-discovery. "When Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a truth that the Lord hath sent forth His angel and delivered me." Discovering his own soul, man needs to make no other discovery. He enters a realm whose spiritual scenery is visited by God and looked at by angels. "Only one thing matters," said Novalis, "and that is the search for our transcendental self." But more important than the search is the soul's self-discovery in Christ. Herein our faith excels. Philosophy is ever out on the march, but never reaches camp. Psychology is ever taking new soundings, but never fathoms the mystery. Science is ever assembling facts, but the supreme fact strangely escapes. The soul in Christ Jesus marches and fathoms and assembles, but it also finds, like Peter, it comes to itself, to the God-self, and, in due time, it will come to all other noble selves in the universe. Maeterlinck's confession is true: "We live so far from ourselves that we are ignorant of nearly everything that occurs at the horizon of our being." But Christ creates the homing self. When the prodigal came to himself, the journey to the Father's house was less than a hand-breadth, while the journey to the Father Himself was nearer than a heart-throb. A friend tells me of recently seeing a complete rainbow down at Panama. We usually see the many-colored arch in this atmosphere, but never a pot of gold at either foot of the iridescent splendor. In the crystal atmosphere of revelation the soul's

rainbow is clearly visible. It begins in God and it ends in God. Newton first showed that every single ray of sunlight contains all the colors of the rainbow—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. For thousands of years sunbeams smote the human eye. But until God said, "Let Newton be," no one suspected that each beam held all the primary colors. For thousands of years, also, men had pondered and dreamed and wondered over that ray of divinity called the soul. But until Christ unveiled Godhead in the flesh, no adequate valuation of man had been made. Carlyle said: "There are depths in man that go the length of lowest hell." It is grimly true, and so we have the Incarnation. Throwing open the gates of new life to every soul, Christ says: "There are heights in man that go the length of highest Heaven. I am here to help you reach the peaks, O man. Trust Me. Follow Me. So will you come to yourself, and at last enter the golden mansions of eternity." Down at Bell Buckle, Tennessee, I heard a mocking-bird and a cardinal singing. It was such a duet as the Southland is famous for. The mocking-bird—that myriad-voiced Shakespeare of the twigs—sang his own song and the cardinal's, too. According to conventional platitudes, the cardinal should have kept quiet and let his lyrically-gifted brother make all the music. But not so. Every time the mocker mocked him the blood-red warbler sang his song twice over and twice louder than before. When a man comes to himself, he sings his own song of redemption. The fact that we are here proves that God has need of just such persons as we are. Shall we not let the Master play upon the keys of our being? He makes the worlds melodious; He makes life intelligible; He makes the soul august; He makes work divine; He makes pain sacramental; He makes death a home-going. Coming to ourselves in Christ, we come to all that was, and is, and shall be.

V

THE SUPREME ORIGINALITY

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth."—St. John iv. 23.

When Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria, He touched the earth with a beauty that can never fade. In that noonday hour He left certain marks in the human consciousness too deep to be utterly obliterated. Oh, the humanness, the beauty, the dignity, the wonder of it all! He talked to that bedraggled soul as if she were a queen. Life had left her cold and soiled and cynical; Jesus left her as sweet as an opening bud on the rosebush of a heavenly chastity. Call Him what you will—Lord, Master, Teacher, Saviour, God in the flesh, Messiah of the nations—no matter! What's in a name—especially when the Eternal is in a man, and in this Man in such bewildering heights and lengths and depths and breadths? If He is not verily the King of Kings in human form, I know that He talked and acted as I should like to have the King of the Universe talk and act if He ever comes this way. Numerically speaking, our Lord did not have much of an audience that day—only one—not a large and interesting audience such as I have. This woman was no philosopher, no scientist, no reformer, no poet, no Helen of Troy to set armies and ages in motion. No—she was just a nonentity, according to the world's coarse rule of thumb. But, mark you well, no grove, no academy, no temple, no Sarbonne ever listened to such words as fell upon her ears. I don't know how they sounded to her, for she was just a dull human clod unquickened as yet by the lyric ecstasy of a soul in

full tune; but I think a wise-listening Plato might have fashioned these words into a new philosophy, wandering up and down Platoland with more than a Greek stride, with more than a Hellenic glow upon his brow, telling everybody he met that the dark side of the universe had goldenly swung into shimmering oceans of light.

And yet perhaps one should not make too much ado about the Master's small audience. For did He not know that the universe is so keyed to the rhythms of truth that all succeeding ages would hear the words He spoke that sultry noonday, wearied as He was by the wellside? Hear Him speak of His Father: "God is a Spirit." How could a saying like that ever get lost? It might wander on unheeded to the end of time and space, but somehow it would always come winging home and build its soft nest in the human consciousness. Hear Him confess His Messiahship: "I that speak unto thee am He." Is it not like the dawn confessing its splendor to a wilted flower? Hear Him define the only worship Heaven knows anything of: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and reality." It is all so simple, so grand, so original, that, beholding its beauty, we are at first smitten with awe and ultimately threatened with blindness.

Here, indeed, is a new epoch in the history of originality; and by originality I mean that which is absolute, supreme, the human soul played upon by the Soul of God, the breath of the Eternal in quickened and quivering responsive mortals, a mind consciously receiving Eternal Goods and packing them up in its own storehouse of immortality. I grant you that we do not make much of this quality of originality nowadays. We are keen on the penny-a-liners, or the loud-mouthed politician, or the brilliant talker who puts us snugly and intellectually to sleep, though we wake to find ourselves not famous but bigger fools than ever. Or perchance we stop with the

dictionary's definition of originality—the quality of being first hand, primal, initial, or the quality of being fresh, novel, new, or, higher still, the quality of producing new thoughts or unusual combinations of thought. All of which is well and good, yet markedly wanting in the originality which is supreme. When Jesus announced that the hour had already come that true worshipers must worship the Father in spirit and truth, while He by no means condemned the walls of the world's temples and cathedrals, He did widen them until their foundations and pillars were made to rest upon the bedrock of Eternity itself. For in that hour the universe responded with a great "Amen!" and the roots of the human soul were thrust more deeply into the fertilizing soils of Good. Therefore, I say the supreme originality is not in the dictionary, nor the picture, nor the statue, nor the temple; these may be utterances, adumbrations, broken lights of it; yet the thing itself is in life, in the soul, in the actions and reactions of the Holy Spirit to, in, upon, and through the human, the authentic and Divine Fire burning and glowing upon the purified altars of the heart.

I

Let us apply this kind of originality to worship. Now worship is the attempt of the human to measure the Divine worth; it is an expression of the soul's love or thought or desire of God. In true worship man simply capitalizes his conception of the Best, the Highest, the Absolute. Of course the history of man shows that worship is surrounded by crudeness, ignorance, and superstition. Only a long, slow evolutionary process has brought us to our Christian point of vantage. The backward peoples of to-day—the benighted little children of the Infinite Goodness—are now in the stage where our own distant ancestors once were; and in worshiping the sun, fire, and natural forces

they are paying tribute to that which they regard as of the highest worth.

Now Jesus takes this idea of worship and holds it up in the white light shining through His Soul. Listening to Him, we feel that Jesus, without altogether ignoring place or form, sets forth the reality as something glorious, immense, transcendent, too vast for rite or cathedral; it is that mood in which the supernal afflatus catches the soul and wings it adoringly into the presence of God while walls and worlds vanish away. I count this deed of your soul a deed of supreme originality. Through it you break bounds, you escape from the besetting molds of matter into the hallowing homes of Mind and Heart when you worship the Father in spirit and truth. Are you in the wilderness? Even the gray-stretching wastes become gardenesque, greenly inviting, instinct with presences and whisperings. Are you in the crowded city thoroughfare? Lo! these miles of steel and stone—as James Thomson assures us William Blake found them—with their echoing throb of deathless souls, are hued with beauty and indefinable meaning. Are you in the chapel, the synagogue, the church, the cathedral? Why, the very places are mysteriously aware; you have split the seen and material wide open and passed into the society and fellowship of God. “Ah!” but you say, “I would prove my originality by writing a book, or composing an oratorio, or building a railroad, or producing an invention, or founding a commercial establishment.” Very well; do these things; but why should you forget to do this greater thing? Why should you not also prove your soul and your God by this act of original spiritual research and firsthand estimate of the Absolute Worth? Then indeed do all other worths, all other companionships, seem tame and inconsequential, or else they are shot through with a significance they never knew. Worship, then, is the process whereby the soul of man continually awakens himself into the likeness of God and is abundantly

satisfied. Thus do all the dear intimacies and communions in and through nature and all high human fellowships but hand us onward, upward, and inward until we dwell in God even as we pilgrim through earth and the years. Because—science and song alike declare it—

“All things by immortal power
Near or far,
Hiddenly,
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.”

Worship sandals our spiritual feet with that holy whiteness which enables us to walk in behind the hidden processes of power, past waving flowers and glowing stars, until we kneel worshipfully in that Presence from Whom constellations glimmeringly flee away. “Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,” is then our sacerdotal chant. “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.”

II

A further aspect of supreme originality is seen in praying. In praying, I say, rather than prayer, because prayer may be a peg upon which to hang the phrasing or manner or theory of the fact. While these certainly cannot be disregarded, they must not be permitted to dull the edge of the reality. When the Master was in Jerusalem He saw play-actors upon the corners of the streets engaged with the externals of prayer; He also beheld the mechanics of prayer in full operation in the synagogues. All the nectar had been conventionally drained from this chalice of beauty; the elixir of its inspiration had been spilled and the dry dust of formalism had sucked it down. “When you pray,” said Jesus,—Who carried a telescope for one eye and a microscope for the other, always perceiving the

infinitely large and the infinitely small,—“go into your room and shut the door, pray to your Father Who is in secret, and your Father Who sees what is secret will reward you. Do not pray by idle rote like pagans, for they suppose they will be heard the more they say; you must not copy them; your Father knows your needs before you ask Him.” “Then,” you rejoin, “if God knows my needs before I pray, what’s the need of praying?” Among other things, this in particular: *Praying renders you capable of receiving; praying does not so much change God’s Will as it changes your will.* Prayer is the channel—and every man digs his own prayer-channel—through which the streams of God’s purpose flow into and through you. Praying invests us with the power of becoming spiritually creative. Through prayer we bring to naught the gray old iniquities hiding away in the dungeons of our being; through prayer we summon the angels of our better nature into full-chorded minstrelsy. Do you not recall those unforgettable words of Coleridge about music? “The silent air,” he sings, “is Music slumbering on her instrument.” Yes, the air is silent, and Music is there, but slumbering—asleep. But hearken! the musician comes with his tuned wires, and he sweetly and tunefully awakens the silent air to music—music always and everywhere sleeping in the silent air. Likewise does praying awaken the powers, the ideals, the visions, the victories, the hopes, the loves slumbering in the soul. What a neglected power is prayer—humanity’s mightiest unused force! Civilization sinks into gilded barbarism without the undergirding power of this transfiguring personal energy. After a service in Central Church, a friend related this incident: A gentleman here in Chicago found himself going to pieces because of wrongness in the great business concern of which he was a part. The situation seemed irremediable; things had gotten beyond his control, and, apparently, beyond anybody’s control. Driven almost to despair, this man

went to his room, shut himself in, and prayed—prayed for the help of God. He got it, and he got it forthwith. Immediately his chaos in business was strangely touched into concord. Are not most of us made to marvel at these spiritual facts and forces? And why? Because we are strangers to them, though they are the abiding home-makers in the fatherlands and soul-stuff of life itself. Oh, why will we resort to every method but the right method? Why tap every source but the true source? Why are we frantically sewing patches upon the rotten cloth of civilization when nothing short of a new soul can save civilization from tearing itself in pieces? And that new soul comes not through new science, new art, new philosophy, or new learning; it comes only as original, Christ-wrought wills, working together throughout the whole earth and bent on doing justice and mercy, achievingly align themselves with God through praying—which is at the base of any and all practicing worth the name.

III

Moreover, think of the originality manifested in willing. No Edwardsean treatise on the will is necessary to convince a thoughtful mind that the human will ranks among the sublimest creations of the Divine almightiness and wisdom. We say that the will is the faculty of conscious, deliberate action. Do we know what a tremendous saying that is? Why, it instantly challenges us to reflect upon all the modifications of the earth wrought by man. While it is not wholly true to assert that the earth has no meaning apart from man, there is nevertheless an undeniable truth within it. The earth must have had a meaning for God a million ages before man was born, because our planet was originally packed with thoughts and purposes ultimating in its noblest creature. Yet with the coming of the human earth entered upon a career hitherto un-

known and impossible. If the power which wells up in nature as energy is the selfsame which wells up in man as consciousness, then man is indeed the center of a very great transforming Intelligence. Working with that Intelligence, what monumental deeds have been wrought by the human will! Suppose the Mind manifested in the will of humanity should suddenly stop. Beginning with Chicago, we should soon have a city of the dead. No face would appear on the streets; no thunder of energy would be heard in mart and market; no door would open or shut—every home would be haunted by an oppressive silence. Now suppose, also, that this sheer negation of the individual and collective human will should be continued and extended. In terms of years our streets and boulevards would be a grass-grown, briar-possessed, vermin-infested, spider-hung, animal-prowling jungle. Now broaden the picture until it involves the whole earth. What a world this would be bereft of the activities of the human will! No civilization, no government, no business, no home, no church—nothing! Would it not be a darkened, dehumanized globe over which Vondel's Lucifer and Milton's Satan would rejoice with hate unspeakable and full of deviltry? But lo! the human will is here and at work. It sees the dawn and the sunset and imprisons them in colors. It turns "the silent air" into symphonies. It bids the forest to remove and commands the city to come. It says to the stars: "How much do you weigh? You don't know? I will tell you." It says to stones: "Be statues." It says to forests: "Be houses and homes." It says to ores and metals: "Be railroads and skyscrapers and ocean palaces." Wonderful are these outflashings and forthputtings of will! Wonderful—yes, but not the most wonderful. Man's supreme originality manifests itself in a yet nobler and grander fashion. *He wills to do the Will of God, and knows firsthand the Mind and Heart of the world.* "Then shall ye know," says a prophet, "if ye fol-

low on to know the Lord." "If any man willeth to do His will," says the Master, "he shall know of the teaching, whether it is from God, or whether I speak from Myself." Here, surely, is a vast ocean of originality waiting for throbbing ships of reality to sail forth from ports of faith. Oh, brothers, that sea is calling us—calling us now. Shall we not arise and go down into this great sea with our wonder-wrought ships? Its waves are refreshing, its winds are cleansing, its paths are glowing, its harbors are alluring. Lowell regarded Carlyle as the profoundest of critics and possessed of the most dramatic imagination of modern times. Yet Lowell thought Carlyle incapable of writing history in the true sense, because he looked on mankind "as a herd without volition and without moral force." Mankind without volition! Mankind without moral force! Why, mankind has enough volition and moral force to change the disposition of the world in five minutes! "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." What a generous God! Why, the whole tithe is only a tenth. If a tenth of our substance, a tenth of our time, a tenth of our thought can move that Hand which opens the heavenly windows so widely—what, think you, would happen if we gave not a puny tenth but our all in coöperation with that Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness? Verily, between the fading twilight of morn and the growing twilight of even the world would be imparadised. Such transfiguring dews of grace, such copious showers of goodness, such quickening rains of the Holy Ghost would fall upon us that our waste places would be overrun by the fruits of righteousness and our desolations would break into singing before the Lord. And behold! everybody can have a share in this work. Yet nobody can do the work of any-

body else; every soul must do its own work to realize its own soulhood; but in the doing of that work what first-handedness, what unique originality! It is intimate, soul-deep handling of the very stuffs of life itself—and life as manifested in spiritual intelligence and hope and faith and love. Hugo has a story of M. de las Casas and Napoleon at St. Helena. "Sire," said the former, "had I been like you, master of Prussia, I should have taken the sword of Frederick the Great from the tomb at Potsdam, and I should have worn it." "Fool," exclaimed Napoleon, "I had my own." Nobody can handle that mysterious sword sheathed in your will but you—you only. But oh, what flashes of beauty and destiny you may cut with that sword into your own being, yea, into the mother-substance of the worlds. "Woman," says one of Shakespeare's characters, "thou art the cruelest she alive, if thou wilt lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy." How much more cruel, then, to own the spiritually creative power lodged in your will and leave the world no copy of those divinely beautiful soul-children which you and you alone can generate. "When the man," says the seer, "listening to his conscience, wills and does the right, irrespective of inclination as of consequence, then is the man free, the universe open before him." Thus is the Bible itself, as well as every godly life that has silvered the shadows of history, a monumental witness unto the originality which is supreme.

IV

A further phase of paramount originality is realized by serving. Here, as always, the Master's thought towers up in unique and winsome grandeur. He best of all penetrates the husk and lays bare the kernel of truth. What would one not give to see God, the heavens and the earth, angels and men, for one transfiguring moment through the eyes of Christ? Well, does He not lend mortals His eyes?

May we not see, for a little, in His light? This, surely, is one of the uncommon commonplaces of our religion—the illuminating insight and moral radiance shed into us by His Holy Spirit. And along with the Divine Fatherhood and the unceasing passion of redemption we shall have a growing appreciation of what Christian serving means, and how it fashions us into the molds of an originality not otherwise experienced by men. Christ's teaching here is augustly simple; false standards and disloyal living alone make us dead to its rapture. All systems and beings, He teaches, are in every way bound together by the laws of service. God is the Infinite Servant. "My Father worketh even until now." God could not be God and escape the law. "I am among you as he that serveth." Thus does the Master honor and illustrate the law in Himself. Yet it is when he thinks of humanity—of what the human comes to as the result of obeying the law—that our minds and imaginations are in danger of bewilderment. The teaching on this subject, wide and various as it is, may be summed up under two heads. First, there is the service rendered from a selfish motive. It reeks with pharisaic self-applause and smells of pharisaic insincerity. It earns its own reward and invariably receives it. It is on this score that some tremendous surprises are to be witnessed in the completed drama of history. "There are last who shall be first, and there are first who shall be last." Standing forth in the full blaze of the sun of reality, many historic giants will instantaneously shrink to the dimensions of pygmies, because their colossal wheels of energy were driven by the black streams of selfishness. Investing the precious capital of life itself in gaining the world they were foredoomed to lose both, inasmuch as the world without life is valueless while life actuated by worldliness is an irremediable curse. Cleverness, brilliance, efficiency, and genius are all desirable, but upon this condition—that their possessors recognize the Giver of all good and honor Him

in the exercise of their endowments. Otherwise, our earthly halls of fame will resemble shacks in the Great Assize. Nevertheless, is it not pathetic when we consider the price many are eager to pay for a niche in the Temple of Earthly Noise? They must have the noise, even though it makes them deaf to the overtures of reality. They reach the point when the worst conceivable hell to them is obscurity, lack of notoriety. What is this but the tragic return of selfishness upon itself? Failing to fit in with the designs of God, this self-idolatry is finally shed by the universe as a serpent sheds its skin. It is cast aside as a dry, wrinkled, dead thing, having no place about the soul of great and wonderful being, quite unaware of the "impassioned quietude" which perfumes the heart of all abiding loveliness.

On the other hand, unselfish service—service that aims distinctly at the honor of God and the welfare of man, holds over and on after all meretricious and melodramatic performances have vanished. "The humble men of heart alone can believe in the high," says George Macdonald, "they alone can perceive, they alone can embrace grandeur. Humility is essential to greatness, the inside of grandeur." And it is in the doing of the humble tasks that the soul of man secretes the originality which is superior. We do the things that the world may see, and we have our reward—the applause of the world and a meaner soul; we do the little things as unto God and His children, and lo! the hidden shrines of our being become melodious with the harmonies whence the spheres borrow their music. When history shall have been finished, these are the questions which remain unto eternity: Did you feed the hungry? Did you give drink to the thirsty? Did you show hospitality to the stranger? Did you clothe the naked? Did you visit the sick? Did you go unto the prisoner? We shall have to answer these questions in our final examination; they bulk larger than all others. Fortunate are we

if we can solve problems in the higher mathematics, discourse upon the marvel of electrons and universes in the making, point out the beauties of nature and of art, and describe the national genius of the races between the Seven Seas. Yet being expert in these questions alone cannot pass us in the Day toward which all days and years and ages converge. For then it is our attitude toward God and Man that counts; then the hearsay, theoretical viewpoint will avail us not. We rest finally in the scale of creation we have wrought out for ourselves, each one going to his own place. The highest grades of being are achieved and occupied by those whose lives have been devoted to the highest subjects and services, which are God and Man and Love and Duty. Consequently the reversal of our earthly and historic judgments will be one of the outstanding facts of that Judgment from which there is no appeal. While no good can or will be lost out of the world or the universe, the overlooked and undervalued good will have its way at last, coming untrumpeted and unsung to its coronation as majestically as the sun unbars the gates of morn. What if a crust with love should prove sweeter than a feast with the gods? What if a cup of cold water, given in the name of Christ, should be more refreshing than seas of nectar? What if clothing stitched by fingers of lovingkindness should outshine robes of splendor and stars of flame? What if steps taken on behalf of the outcast should far outweigh marches of conquest and deeds of empire? Surprises—ah, yes, the surprises will be countless and most embarrassing! Those who have been of great service to the King will be among the most surprised of all, as He alone convinces them that they have lived in a universe of fact and not of fiction. “And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren ye did it unto Me. Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” I submit, in

Christian faith and prayer, that the originality which overtakes, and is overtaken by, truth like this stands apart and alone, unique, indescribable, supreme. Nor is it altogether strange that the soul believing it should burst into song:

"I have found Thee, O God!

Not in cold temples built by human hands,
But in broad beneficence of skies,
And in the flowering-time of meadowlands.

I have heard Thy voice,

Not in the pauses of a priestly prayer,
But in the tender whisperings of the leaves
And in the daily breathings of the air.

I have felt Thy touch,

Not in the rush of world's delight or gain,
But in the stress of agony and tears,
And in the slow pulsations of strong pain.

I have known Thy love,

Not when earth's flattering friends around me smiled,
But in deep solitude of desolate days,
Then wast Thou very gentle with Thy child.

I have seen Thy face,

Not only in the great Light of the Cross,
But through the darkness of forgotten graves,
And the pale, dawning recompense of loss.

Yea, I have found Thee, God!

Thy breath doth fill me with a strength divine!
And were a thousand worlds like this my foes,
The battle would be brief—the victory mine!"

VI

TO ATHENS—AND BEYOND!

"They that conducted Paul brought him as far as Athens. But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem."—Acts xvii. 15; Heb. xii. 22.

I have taken the liberty of knitting these two passages up together because I think they belong together in a quite wonderful fashion. What, you ask, have Athens and the City of the living God in common? We know that the Athens which Paul visited is not the Athens of to-day, nor has anybody in the flesh seen the New Jerusalem except in vision. Why, then, should we venture to place these two cities, one gone and the other not yet come, alongside of each other in our thinking? Because they belong together. Beauty and goodness must not be divorced; one is essential to the other; neither is perfect so long as the other is ignored. Both have a necessary value in our humanity and in the universe. Therefore, as we visit one city, let us bravely think of the other also. For the tale of these two cities is a parable of human life, of human civilization, and, finally, of the merging of life and of civilization into the universal Kingdom of God.

I

Journeying as far as Athens, we arrive at beauty of form. It is a journey nobly worth taking. Let no one blindly pass beauty by on the other side. The God of Beauty has thrust so much of external loveliness into

the world that only an incurable blindness succeeds in missing it. Some style of beauty haunts every highway of being, while the byways are also packed with it. But, in a special sense, Athens is a kind of unaging synonym for the beautiful. What temples, what statues, what paintings Paul and his companions found by going as far as Athens! Phidias married the gigantic to the delicate and these twain became one undying enchantment in marble and gold. The legend says that Apelles painted such perfect grapes that birds pecked them, mistaking color for juice. Highest of all, Athens remains unsurpassed in the art of eloquence. Her orators in speech are as peerless as oratorios in music. Viewed from many angles, Athens enjoyed the charisma of beauty in a manner quite unique. Hence, the song of our American singer, saturated as he was by the Greek spirit:

“If we but thought as the old Greeks thought,
And knew what the ancients knew—
Then beauty sought of the soul were caught
And breathed into being too—
And out of the naught were the real wrought,
And the dream of the world made true.”

Yes; we must go to Athens—and beyond! With the unveiling of the Godhead in Christ, it is not possible for human beings to spiritually survive in a universe limited to beauty of form. We must now attain unto beauty of soul. Except the beauty of the Lord, which is the beauty of holiness and of wholeness, break into the human spirit and utterly possess it for its own high uses, life is verily forlorn, too wise to be suckled on pagan creeds, too blasé to climb the heavenly hills and bring down the sweetness which flows from those honeyed rocks. Men must have the Bread of Life, and feed upon it. Warm, rich, nutritious food from the heavenly cupboard is essential now. Civilization cannot go on as if there had been no Bethle-

hem and no Calvary. Every time men attempt to go only as far as Athens and permanently dwell there, they are mysteriously but quite definitely reasoned with. Thus the weakness of the modern epoch is to substitute pagan cleverness for Christian reality. No preceding age has owned so many things as this one. What mechanical conveniences, what domestic luxuries, what scientific ameliorations, what social improvements to-day! Why, then, this persistent, fog-drenched dissatisfaction on every hand? It is not enough to criticize this universal restlessness as such, because restlessness may be a sign of life, of energy driving toward some goal, of groping after a hidden end. Old epochs do not die without a groan nor are new epochs born without a cry. Nevertheless, this question will not down: Why the unappeased longing, the black-hearted dissatisfaction? It is because we are making things an end instead of a means. We are practicing sheer pagan cleverness, all astir with scientific discovery, wielding the destructive club of Hercules, wearing the boots of the ten-league-stepping giant, and ignoring the Christian facts and forces without which civilization cannot endure. We are now compelled to admit that the end of human life on this planet is either godlikeness or destruction, "either Utopia or hell," as Wells has phrased it. Vast discoveries are yet to be made in every realm; but until we moderns take to heart the truth that, along with our material progress, there must be a proportional spiritual depth and insight, there is no hope for us. Our inward reach must be at least commensurate with our outward grasp. Otherwise, in handling the things which perish with the using, humanity itself shall perish while using those things. What the world needs to-day is a new heart, not a new head. There is abundant room in our heads, to be sure, for more and finer knowledge; but what Man needs just now is the will to do the thing he already mentally knows.

but which he is brilliantly unable to morally and spiritually practice. A New York banker has purchased the dilapidated old village of Sparta on the Hudson, which he hopes to rebuild, peopling it with only the best citizens, and making it a model place. It is a high aim indeed and all lovers of humanity will wish the enterprise godspeed. Yet if this prospective or any other community greatly succeeds, it must not only go as far as the Athens of beauty—attractive houses, clean streets, thrifty commercial centers, model school buildings, and such like; it must go beyond Athens—it must have in its heart and conscience the vision of the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. It must journey on to Calvary, to the despoiled Tomb, to the Upper Room, to the besieging, responding Will whose flash of power makes all things new. Except civilization be born from above, it not only cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven, it shall not even retain the achievements and goods of the kingdom of civilization. Here is the new watchword for the new day: "The old that ages, he must let go, who would hold fast the old that ages not."

II

In going as far as Athens, we reach the first pure democracy in history. Under the reforms of Cleisthenes, 500 B.C., Athenians made their own laws in popular assemblies. America, on the contrary, is a republic—a representative democracy. We think the American form of government is far superior to the Athenian; and, moreover, without being priggishly chauvinistic, we prefer our governmental system to any other yet devised. Without claiming perfection for it, and convinced that it is capable of improvement in some features, yet when somebody claims to understand in what direction such im-

provement can be made, most Americans regard him somewhat as they do the philosopher who thought he knew how to improve the solar system.

Yet, in all seriousness, must we not go to Athens and beyond in this matter of government also? In the evolution of human life upon this planet, if I may further urge a thought already suggested, twentieth century civilization must definitely relate itself to the Kingdom of God or go the way of ancient civilizations. Confessing that government is almost, in the nature of the case, limited to the necessities of the average man, we must more vividly and practically realize what God's estimate of the average man really is. Here we come upon something unspeakably sublime. Human governments are content with making good citizens—and our awful criminal records remind us that this is a stupendous task; yet we may be good citizens without penetrating beneath the surface of our manifold human capacities. As a matter of fact, there are multitudes of good citizens in this and all countries who are of no higher moral caliber than the rankest pagans; some even boast of this tragic fact; they have been content to go as far as Athens, but the City of the living God holds no beauty for them that they should desire it. And herein lies the failure of the modern period. It has strenuously endeavored to get on without Christ. Now, as never before, He must be reckoned with in our human affairs every whit as much as gravitation in the physical universe. Our little world is undergoing vast disturbances, even as the attractive force of Neptune wrought such disturbances in the motion of Uranus that Neptune itself was finally discovered. What if our Christian Neptune, concealed at the outermost system of things and yet nearer than blood is to veins and arteries, is disturbing our earthly clod with the possibility of undreamed disclosures or unimagined terrors? "Everywhere in nature," says the author of "The New Chemistry," "there

is a Presence which not only imparts power to particles but also directs each particle in its own appointed place." God not only notes the sparrow's fall and numbers the hairs of our heads, but, according to this scientist, He directs and numbers the infinite particles of matter as well. Physicists say that if the energy in atoms could be freed, we should have a force undreamed of before, but that "should its ethereal environment and its vibrations cease but an instant, all that is would crumble to dust." My argument is this: Ethereal environment for worlds and atoms is no more imperative than ethical rightness for nations and individuals. If the physical laws governing galaxies and electrons are the habits of Deity, there are certain great moral laws governing humanity which operate in the human realm just as unvaryingly as do the laws of energy in the physical.

And have not these moral imperatives been divinely set forth in the Sermon on the Mount? Governments must eventually order their lives by these unrepealable spiritual enactments or perish. So why not begin? Our time has bloodily witnessed how misguided national ambitions are a venom-duct through which the poison of death is spurted into the body and soul of nations from the fang of hatred. Thus to preserve Man's hardly won gains out of the centuries, peoples must inbreathe the kindly, invigorating atmosphere coming down with dewlike pressure and destiny-fraught power from the white summits of God. Does any sane person question that this world would be unbelievably improved by a practical inculcation of the Beatitudes? Suppose we undertake to write them over the state houses of the earth, getting them into the souls of men, women, and children somewhat as follows. For America: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." For England: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." For Armenia and Servia: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they

shall be comforted." For France: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." For Russia: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." For Germany: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God." For Italy: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." For Belgium: "Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." What a world this would be if these unyielding Christian certitudes were wrought into our international soul! War would be doomed. Hate would perish for lack of fuel to feed its angry fires. Political slander would die of its self-injected poison, like a snake dying of its own deadly stings. Coldly cruel inhumanity would vanish under the genial rays of brotherhood's golden sun. The blister of impurity would heal like a wound washed clean and wholesome by crimson tides of health. Oh, say not, I beseech you, that this is religious fancy! It is God's everlasting fact ingrained in the soul of things—the celestial storehouse of untapped moral energy which Man must apply to his national and social problems or destroy himself by a planetary explosion, stored up by the generators of iniquity and set off by the batteries of destruction!

III

Going as far as Athens, we come among some of the famous persons of history. Greece has enough great names to carry her name to the end of time. Think of Homer, Draco, Sophocles, Solon, Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle! And yet we must go beyond Athens to find the supreme style of personality—unto the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. "Even when we reach the climax of ancient civilization in Greece and Rome," says Illingworth, "there is no adequate sense, either in theory or practice, of human personality as such."

Since the dawning of Christ upon our benighted human world, a new character-tune has been played out before the eyes of angels and men. There have been terrible reversions, of course, and there will be others still; yet we know that the spiritual geography of the race has been permanently remapped by Christ. The old iron-chorded strains in personality have been softened, subdued, and strengthened by inflowing melodies out of other and higher spheres. On his first visit to America, Ole Bull was opposed by certain prominent violinists in New York. James Gordon Bennett offered the Norwegian the columns of the *Herald* that he might answer his critics. "I tink," said Ole Bull, in his broken English, "it is best tey writes against me, and I plays against tem." It is a fine test, and the very one Christianity invites. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Grower of Personality from the Gardens of Eternity.

Suppose, therefore, we gather up the three best heads in Athens and place them on the balances. They are Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Among the mightiest of the sons of men, they keep through the years their sovereign walk in the paths of fame. Originally a sculptor, it was fitting that Socrates should graduate from cutting upon stones to cutting into souls. He succeeded so well that he was presented with a cup of poison—the characteristic way of each generation with its one immortal, about the sole apology the age has to offer succeeding ages for having been at all. Alcibiades, Xenophon, and Plato were the most celebrated pupils of Socrates, the last two of whom preserved the "Memorabilia" and the "Dialogues" unto posterity. In Plato philosophic idealism got its foothold in a teacher able to climb many a bleak mountain of pessimism. For twenty-four centuries Plato's speculative genius has largely governed the thought of mankind. First called Aristocles, he was later named Plato because of his broad shoulders. Certainly he was in-

tellectually and morally broad-shouldered, able to carry some of the burdensome mental loads of the race. The third in this trinity of human greatness was Aristotle. He may be justly regarded as the best exponent of ancient civilization. Yet, in the light of Christianity, how dark-hued are the faces of his mental children to us! First, he regarded some men as born to be savages, others as destined by nature to be slaves or living machines; furthermore, he viewed women as nature's failures to produce men. Plato before him, taught practically the same.

These, then, were the three major heads of the universe before Bethlehem. Having placed them on one side of the balances, now place Jesus, John, and Paul on the other side. What a different soul-climate we immediately feel! Not for a flash do the balances remain stationary; instantly the Athenians are infinitely outweighed by the citizens of the City of the living God. They reveal something new, something more bloomingly aware of heavenly soils, something whose roots are richly soaked in the water flowing from under the throne of the universe! Plato seems to have had the Christ-dream when he represents Socrates as saying: "We will wait for God, either God or a God-inspired man, to teach us our religious duties and to take away the darkness from our eyes." The difference in these three figures out of the Athenian and Christian epochs is well expressed by Eucken: "Personality in the New Testament becomes a channel through which a higher world is created." Thus the City of the living God is wrought of new-created souls. Its streets and walls and temples are made of the superlative material woven by clean, white personalities which secrete the stuff of Christianized imagination and will, of heart and mind reborn and risen into larger, ampler realms. We must not forget that the universe is full of ends as well as of means. As redeemed human personality seems to be the chief end of

the universe, and, moreover, as personality in its richest expression is revealed in and through Jesus Christ and those living in communion with Him, the idea of John Burroughs that we are now compelled to forego all thoughts of a Personal God proves one thing and one thing only: That Mr. Burroughs is venturing in a field in which he is confessedly unfamiliar. It would be almost sacrilegious to place Mr. Burroughs' thought of the Personality of God alongside that of Jesus; yet it may be done; and when done, it is done forever—at least with the naturalist's concept of the Deity, or, rather, of no Christian Deity. What is the ultimate fact of Christianity? Just this: *Every soul may prove the Fatherhood of God for himself.* And having done this through the grace of Christ, he is not greatly perturbed by the debates lustily conducted in scientific, psychologic, and philosophic kindergartens. With transfigured humility he himself begins to question these misguided masters: "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this age? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world?" Yea, God hath done that very thing in Christ Jesus, and the works of God are perfect here as elsewhere. Therefore, why should a Christ-possessed soul camp on the dreary outer edge of philosophic and naturalistic speculation, when by faith he is momentarily winged into the hallowed and hallowing Presence of "Our Father, Who art in Heaven." Beecher, who was a true master in things pertaining to human and Divine personality, once exclaimed: "Jesus Christ is my only God. I place my soul in His keeping as, when I was born, my father placed me in the arms of my mother." Men are not clumsily argued into the Fatherhood or Personality of God; they are born into it, mothered into it, or not at all. "The faith of immortality depends upon a sense of it begotten," said Horace Bushnell, "not on an argument for it concluded." Logic and argument

have their legitimate sphere, but they were never ordained to be midwives at the birth of Christian personality. The story says that Lincoln, on criticizing a Greek history because of its tediousness, was taken to task by a diplomat. "The author of that history, Mr. President," he said, "is one of the profoundest scholars of the age. Indeed it may be doubted whether any man of our generation has plunged more deeply into the sacred fount of learning." "Yes, or come up drier," answered Lincoln. Somewhat in the same spirit, we are glad to recognize our indebtedness to Mr. Burroughs for the information he interestingly gives us about trees and birds and bugs and frogs; we do not, however, recognize any such obligation in matters in which he seems not at all qualified to speak. If I were a gambler operating in the open markets of destiny, I would wager the words, deeds, and character of Jesus Christ against all the foolishness of scientists, sinners, and philosophers, against all the sins, agonies, deaths, and hells in the universe. Therefore, we will go as far as Athens, but we cannot stop there; our faces are set toward the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem!

IV

Moreover, in going as far as Athens, Paul found himself face to face with a superficial, miscellaneous information bureau. If you want to know the quality of intellectual food the Athens of Paul's time was eating, just read the following verse: "Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The test of everything, you see, was newness, not true-ness; hence the Athenian constitution for sensationalism was abnormally developed, being a forerunner of that phase of the modern mind which is always learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. Babblers

themselves, Epicurean and Stoic philosophers and their hangers-on concluded that everybody else belonged in a similar class. "What would this babbler say?" they asked, taking hold of Paul and bringing him unto the Areopagus.

Now what is the golden truth gleaming amid so much leaden nonsense? Paul was a preacher of the Gospel, a herald of the Good News of Heaven for a lost world. Athens never imagined a message like that. Though her pantheon was consecrated to all the gods, she was ignorant of the one true God, truly revealed in His only begotten Son. And was humanity ever more sorely in need of the Good News than to-day? In a sense, it is very much more difficult for men to live an achieving, victorious life now than in the comparatively simple ages of the past. The universe is so much vaster, both in space and time, than the old ages were aware; society is organized in such a bewildering fashion; there are so many competing interests demanding our attention that we are always near the abyss of a divided mind; the ends of the earth have been moved in toward each other with such confusing proximity; racial problems, weighted with the remainders of heathenism and fraught with the selfishness of modernity, are actually pressing; and, above all else, there is the ageless problem of human sin and mischoice, black, menacing, terrible, big with the possibilities of world-destruction. Are we going, in such straits, only as far as Athens? Nay, verily! We must seek the City of the living God, reacquaint ourselves with its Glad Tidings and proclaim the Divine Love in Christ, by word and deed, unto the ends of the earth, unto all conditions and grades of human beings in city and village and country and mountain. And we must tell it out with the white-hot conviction that it is the sole remedy for a world sick unto death! Why, that soul-miracle of which John B. Gough used to tell has been duplicated in literally thousands of instances. In a

beautiful home, said Gough, a son had sunk so low that the father had turned him into the street. Motherlike, the woman who bore him pleaded that one room might be reserved for their boy; the father need never see him at all; she, the mother, would care for him. While a guest in the home, Mr. Gough was asked by the mother to say a word to her poor boy. Going upstairs, the great Christian reformer found a miserable, degraded piece of humanity. "Edward," he said, "do you not sometimes regret terribly the life you are leading?" "Indeed, I do, Mr. Gough." "Then why do you not abandon it?" "I cannot," came the despairful answer. "I am bound hand and foot, and I will have to go on this way until I die." Practicing the divine art of bringing an immortal being to himself, Mr. Gough asked: "Edward, do you ever pray?" "No," he said, "I don't believe in God; I don't believe in anything, Mr. Gough." "Edward, do you believe in your mother?" Ah! what a look came into the prodigal's face as the music of mother-love began to sing about the roots of his being! "Yes, Mr. Gough," he said, "that is the only thing in the world that I do believe in—my mother!" "Edward, do you think your mother loves you?" "Oh, I am sure of it!" "Then you believe in love, don't you? You believe that there is at least one good thing in this world, and that is love, because your mother loves you?" "Well, yes, I suppose I do believe in love." "Edward, when I have gone out," pleaded Mr. Gough with loving eloquence, "will you promise me that you will kneel down and offer a prayer to Love, and ask Love to help you?" After a brief hesitation, the promise was made. When Mr. Gough had gone, the hopeless man knelt down—feeling, as he afterwards expressed it, like a fool—and prayed: "O Love!" Instantly, from out of the deeps of Heaven came a voice saying: "God is Love." Then he cried: "O God!" Quicker than thought another voice burst from the

heavens of God's Soul into his own, saying: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Then did the man shout aloud: "O Christ!"—and the heavenly deed was done in a heavenly fashion! Rushing downstairs into the kitchen where his mother was preparing food for him with her own hands, he folded her to his breast as he wept aloud: "O Love! O Love! O Love!" It is the Eternal Love, my friends, that is under the burden and soul of things! Let us believe it because we live it. It will lend a deepening loveliness to all that Athens has; it will ever set us upon higher ventures and richer disclosures in the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem!

VII

HOUSEKEEPING AND SOULKEEPING

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving; and she came up to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister did leave me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. But the Lord answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—St. Luke x. 40, 41, 42.

Looking in upon this home in Bethany, are we not aided in visualizing and solving our own duties and problems? For moral struggle has a fashion of concentrating itself in Bethany as well as in Chicago and New York. The modern phase may carry more of glitter and roar, but the heart of the matter was back there in the first century also. The social system of which Mary and Martha were members was comparatively simple; but their soul-system was bewilderingly complex; and this, after all, constitutes the burden and obligation of every age. In a word, the difficulty of each of us is to properly adjust our outer and inner relations, our bodies and our spirits, our individual capacity and our social duty. This brings us face to face with God. Perhaps Mary was an unconscious mystic while Martha was an equally unconscious pragmatist. But neither alone is sufficient; the two must be fused; but—how? That is the question of the ages, the crux of all religions, the riddle of society. Has the question an answer? Yes! Christ is the absolute answer—the clue to the quandary of housekeeping and soulkeeping in its varied and ever-present forms and expressions.

I

Pouring into our terms the richest possible content, let us remark that housekeeping without soulkeeping is tragical. Consider, first, housekeeping in its purely domestic aspect. While the facts might not justify us in thinking of Mary as a thorough-going idealist or of Martha as a thorough-going pragmatist, yet are there not hints of each in these Bethany sisters? Housekeeping seems to have gotten the upper hand of Martha. Perhaps while Mary sat at the Master's feet, Martha kept casting significant glances at her mystical sister from somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen. At last, worried by her busyness, she came up and said: "Lord, is it all one to you that my sister has left me to do all the work alone? Come, tell her to lend me a hand." Is an overwrought mind manifesting itself in this outbreak? Was Martha, in our modern phrase, simply the victim of "nerves?" If so, then Martha is truly symbolic of our era. Stepping into a taxicab, a woman exclaimed: "Driver, do be careful! Unused to riding in these machines, I am very nervous." "Lady," rejoined the chauffeur, "just be at your ease. You haven't a thing on me in nervousness—this is the first time I've ever tried to drive a taxi!" All of which is just another way of saying that "nerves" spell inefficiency. For back of true housekeeping is high soulkeeping—in the twentieth century as in the first. When the task, whatever it be, becomes an end in itself, the result is heartache and disappointment. The end of being is the making of souls; the universe can have no other final significance; therefore, anything that hinders in the work of soul-making argues a world gone wrong, life critically out of joint. Bergson has a remarkable definition of matter. "Matter," he affirms, "is that which attempts to obstruct the progress of life." Now substitute the word "politicians" for "matter," and will not

the philosopher's words yield a second definition? But whether it is matter, or housekeeping, or politics—whatever it is which thwarts domestic, individual, national, and international soul-making—is wrong, and should be removed forthwith. And to-day, as always, is it not to the fireside that we must look for the removal of many of the world-old wrongs? If the letters of these seven little twentieth century girls are indicative of a better domestic to-morrow, we may well take courage. For in this contest, conducted by the *Continent*, in which girls are asked to write of their ambitions for the future, there is abundant reason for great good hope. While one is going to be an artist, one a historian, one a dressmaker, one an archæologist, and one a trained nurse, two are highly resolved to be home-builders and mothers. "I am almost nine years old," writes one. "If there is anything in the world I love, it is a baby. Twenty years from now I mean to be a mother. I mean to study hard right now and learn to keep a home well, so I may be a good mother." Says the other: "Twenty years from to-day I mean to be married. I should like to have lots of fun before I am married and then settle down to a nice quiet life. I should like to have little twins, a boy and girl." Of course we smile at their innocence—the liled loveliness of white souls still sparkling with the dews of life's morning. Yet a glimpse backward and forward, as well as a serious study of the present, warrants the conclusion that motherhood, glorified by the immemorial sanctities of the race, is one of the profound needs of the world. "What France needs more than anything else," said Napoleon, "is mothers." It is likewise the need of America. But motherhood is deeply twined about the roots of soulhood; and soulhood must be nourished by those bracing atmospheres wherein housekeeping is reinforced and sustained by soulkeeping.

But housekeeping must have a wider application than

the domestic phase. Our commercial housekeeping must also be shot through and through with the power of soul-keeping. Otherwise this, too, holds all the elements of tragedy. Men dare not give themselves up exclusively to buying and selling. Neglect of the soul through undue attention to banks, stores, shops, factories, and railroads makes escape from spiritual doom and death impossible. A nation of shopkeepers is finally a nation of self-destroyers. There are some things God cannot do, and one is this: God cannot permanently and richly bless a people who make goods and gold their gods. A student reminds us of the difficulty God has in answering the petition: "Give us this day our daily bread." For to our modern world much more is involved than the regularity of the seasons, the farmer, the miller, and the baker. There is also the stupendous problem of distribution; and behind this there is the still more stupendous problem of human nature, in which the worst elements of capitalism and bolshevism are struggling for the mastery. That is why God has an increasingly more difficult task in answering the petition for humanity's daily sustenance. There is but one solution to this pressing problem—and one only! It is the way of Christ—brotherhood, service, coöperation, and sacrifice. The modern age must adopt Christ's way or go in for self-destruction on a more gigantic scale than ever. If our highly complex modern methods make it more difficult for God to answer the daily bread petition, then is it not even more imperative for men to unite in a worldwide endeavor to make that essential petition divinely answerable? But it cannot be done by cleverness alone, nor chiefly; it cannot be done by machinery alone, nor chiefly; it cannot be done by the League of Nations alone, nor chiefly. These are at most but implements, necessary but not final, initial but not all. The first word and the last is Soul—the Soul of the Eternal functioning through the Soul of the Human, quickening,

forgiving, inliving, and exalting it out of its meanness and low aims into the purposes and ideals for which human beings were created. Here, it seems to me, is a self-evident proposition: Commercial housekeeping without commercial soulkeeping grows increasingly unsatisfactory, becoming in the end woefully intolerable.

Moreover, national housekeeping without soulkeeping is foredoomed to disaster. Thoughtful men are to-day hanging their heads in shame because of the abyss of selfishness and un-Americanism into which our nation has been dragged. In discussing America's duties and obligations, the thinking of many seems to run along two lines: First, hatred of Woodrow Wilson, and, second, an appeal to our national selfishness. Now, if you are opposed to America entering the League of Nations (and the rest of the world is rapidly approaching the viewpoint when it does not care whether we go in or stay out)—but if in this matter your conscience is your guide and not your accomplice, then I charge you, before God and before the bar of history, to lift your arguments to a higher plane than hatred and selfishness. For what is this mysterious and wonderful America of ours? How are you going to reach and appraise its soul? Are there not too many varieties of America extant to-day? First, there is the America of the politician. He is frothing at the mouth—not because of excess of patriotism, but solely because of a perpetual and acute attack of lust for office. There is the America of the capitalist. He looks upon America as a big, golden, juicy orange out of which to squeeze liquid drops of gold. There is the America of the bolshevist. Infernal in himself, he manipulates infernal machines. He is like the Chinaman in Lamb's story. A pig was roasted by the accidental burning of a Chinese home. The owner shared his roast pig with his neighbors. It proved so delicious to the taste that forthwith Chinamen began burning down their houses in order to eat roast pig. The bolshevist

would burn down the house to destroy the rat in the basement, not even having roast pig as the result of his deviltry. There is the America of the partisan. Frankly, he is one of the worst enemies within the nation, because he belongs to a large class. Lining up with one of the two old political parties, he quadrennially becomes a roving and raving patriot, and all because he is so blindly partisan that he is unable to distinguish between a principle and the politician who has hoodwinked him. On the one hand, he says that he belongs to the party of Thomas Jefferson; whereas if he were introduced to Jefferson, that mighty soul would be constrained to say: "Depart from me, you worker of iniquity—I never knew you." On the other hand, he says that he belongs to the party of Abraham Lincoln; whereas, if Lincoln were back in the flesh, and here in the America for which he lived and died, one accusing flash from his martyr eyes would send this treacherous political Judas reeling back into his own place. There is the America of the militarist. He is the champion of the fighting man and the fighting nation. He does not think it a sign of health for humanity's tiger and ape to die; so he is determined upon a vast military establishment, whereby civilization may be periodically turned into a shambles. And so the list might be enlarged. But there is a better America—an America infinitely removed from any of these. *It is the America of the Christian.* Loving his own land as he loves no other, he is not only ready to die for it, but he is living daily so that his America may become fairer, juster, cleaner, more Christ-like. He does not say, with Stephen Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." No—a thousand times no! Such chauvinism is a species of mentality akin to the Hun. Rather does the Christian American say: "Our country! In her relations with all peoples may she always be in the right.

But if she is not right, God helping me, I will help to make her right." My friends, it is only a Christian America—and the America of to-day is very far from any such ideal—that can survive. I believe this as I believe in God, as I believe in the law of gravity, as I believe in the national dooms which have been pronounced upon every selfish, godless nation in history. I am against the America of the partisan, the bolshevist, the capitalist, the militarist, and the politician. For that is the America of mere housekeeping without soulkeeping; I know that such a house is built on the sand instead of on the rock; therefore, when the tides of justice begin to surge in from the deeps of eternity and the winds of destruction begin to blow from off the unbribed tablelands and high hills of God, such a national house is as certain to go down in wreck and ruin as Nineveh and Babylon lie buried this good hour beneath the débris of ages. God save us—and God help us to save ourselves—for national housekeeping without national soulkeeping is the forerunner of national doom!

II

Consider, now, the other side of our truth. If Martha is ultra-practical, perhaps Mary is ultra-mystical. Any soulkeeping which neglects or ignores the legitimate demands of individual, social, and national housekeeping—the human, practical, common things of life—is not wholesomely, sanely Christian. Applied Christianity is the heart-searching need of our time. Unceasing and intelligent emphasis of this truth is necessary. How many heartily accept all the Christian theories and but coyly apply the Christian realities! Few indeed are the men who dispute the verities of the Sermon on the Mount. But just let some man with faith enough and love enough and vision enough undertake to translate its principles into national and international activities, and lo! he is an

autocrat, a hypocrite, a usurper, a dictator, a phrase-maker, obstinate, deceitful, insincere, jealous of friends and enemies alike—a kind of monster in human form! Which reminds me of a parable. A certain man, before he became a preacher, was a horse-trader. Recounting his success, he said: "In trading horses, I never said a word; I just let the other fellow do the talking. But I watched him closely while he examined my horse. Then, after he began pointing out the flaws in my horse, I looked for the very same blemishes in his and invariably found them." Because men condemn autocracy, pride, and selfishness in others is no guarantee that they themselves are unfree of these vices. Indeed, it is more than probable that they are simply reading into others, especially if those others have been instrumental in thwarting their own malignant purposes, the very shortcomings which rule their lives. But however this may be, Christianity must be applied on a universal scale. Civilization has reached the end of its tether of scheming and cleverness. These makeshifts are fully discovered at last and set before the face of men even as they have ever appeared in the light of God's countenance. They are disclosed as covenants with death, agreements with hell, and plans for worldwide destruction. This has become an appallingly dangerous world in which to live; and nothing save the righteousness of God in Christ can arrest and remove the black menace and impending disaster overhanging the nations. What a warning is this from President Hadley: "The politicians in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago were singularly like the politicians in Washington to-day. Did Pontius Pilate lack courage? Did Felix and Festus and Agrippa lack courage? I think not. They lacked knowledge of the situation with which they had to deal. They were content to be mere opportunists, more concerned to avoid immediate unpopularity or the danger of political disorder than to settle controversies which their training had

not fitted them to understand. But we know what came of the work of Pontius Pilate and the Roman governors that followed him. The policy which was intended to keep the peace resulted in civil war of the worst and most destructive kind."

Thus, as this scholar reminds us, the verdict of history is this: Nations have a right to the Christian values and enrichments. The time has gone by for us to think of the negative and preventive Christian truths; we must assert their positive, life-giving, nation-saving power. Take, for example, the Golden Rule. The custodians of government have always considered it as a kind of luxurious attachment, a bit of brocade, to be fastened upon the outer garments of society. We have simply toyed with the truth that we must do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Individuals have revered it and statesmen have quoted it, let us hope, in all sincerity. But quotation is not sufficient—operation is imperative. The Golden Rule is governmentally and internationally workable, and the people are entitled to its benefits. It will prevent much—that is true; but Christianity is not a fire insurance scheme; it is not a means of escape from calamity, but a method of the total enrichment of human life here and now. "I am come that they may have life," says our Lord, "and that they may have it more abundantly." Living in a palace of theories and watching the world go to destruction is not Christian. We must call down the fire of reality and burn up our illusive mental rubbish and make-believe. Is not St. John one of the supreme mystics of history? Yet does he make short shrift of all fine theories devoid of the Christ-spirit. "If a man say, I love God," says this virginal old prophet, "and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Plainly, this prophet is not afraid of the "ugly word." There are times, my friends, when

the "ugly word" has no synonym, when euphemism is stark impertinence; and one of those times is when a false cleavage is made between theism and humanism. They are not two but one—double aspects of one glowing whole. If an expert is usually a man a long distance from home, a sky-gazing disciple is one a long distance from God. Our religion is not of the earth earthy, but its glory is revealed in its power to invade our earthliness and touch it unto nobler issues. "Let a man remember," said Henry Drummond, "that the great thing is not to think about religion, but to do it. We do not live in a 'think' world. It is a real world." And is not Christianity the one reality equal to the demands of our real world? Untold millions of individuals have demonstrated this. When the real world crumbled beneath their feet, they fell gloriously through its ruins into a realm of unyielding worth and permanence. Our gigantic task today is to again individualize and then socialize and internationalize this truth. Make no mistake—it cannot become a part of the social whole until it is first a possession of the individual soul. As God makes a universe of separate atoms, though each is in relation to all, so He makes Christ's Kingdom through transfigured individuals, each being related to and coöperating with all homeward-striving souls. Martha must learn to make her bread without denying Mary her right to the Bread of Life. Mary must nourish her inner being without forgetting the Christian demands of Martha's bodily necessities.

III

Consequently, this brings us, in our thinking, to the solution of the acute and pressing problem of life. For, in the large view, life's problem is not housekeeping alone or soulkeeping alone. Our difficulty is in doing both in such fashion that the aim of each may be completely

realized. And this, I affirm, is the secret of our Lord. He alone is the point of contact for the earthly and heavenly sides of human life. Consider this proposition from two viewpoints.

Christ invariably honors the natural. "Martha, Martha," he pleadingly says to this overwrought house-keeper, "thou art anxious and troubled about many things, but a few are all we need." Even though our blessed Lord carries such a large spiritual capital that He seems at times quite able to dispense with the natural methods of being, He is so inexhaustibly human as to exemplify in Himself the only ideally perfect life known to earth. What right has the artificial, the false, the non-human, asceticism for its own sake, a perverted naturalism or a distorted spiritualism, in His thinking and living? Over all He sheds the glow of a winsome naturalness. How little children loved Him and discovered within the clasp of His arms the tenderness of a new-found motherhood! How the blind hailed His appearance in their benighted world like a sunrise dismissing the realms of darkness! How the oppressed and ostracized found in Him a champion challenging all the legions of tyranny and hate! What colors did He see in the flowers! What music rained upon His ear from wide-winged minstrels of the air! Did He not have medicine for the sick, cheer for the sad, hope for the hopeless, victory for the vanquished, love for the loveless, welcome for the wanderer, and Heaven for all who would have it? Verily, our Lord Jesus Christ is the first and only completely human life yet lived upon the earth.

But—and this is the second phase of Christ's secret—in honoring the natural He breaks through and into the spiritual, out of which flow the celestial medicines and balms for our terrestrial hurts. For living in the spiritual is the only way of truly honoring the natural. Now every soul has a past—although it is a grace-cleansed and

love-whitened past. The bloom on Mary's soul is now very sweet and pure. But how much of it is due to the bitter roots planted in the soils of yesterday God alone knows. I believe that Mary of Magdala and Mary of Bethany are the same person. Some scholars have always held this view, but Professor David Smith, in "The Days of His Flesh," the richest biographical study of Christ yet produced, seems to settle the matter. Without attempting to deduce all the evidence tending to prove their identity, I wish simply to recall two New Testament scenes and one saying of St. John. The first picture is in the seventh chapter of St. Luke: "And one of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with Him. And He entered into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And behold, a woman who was in the city, a sinner; and when she knew that He was sitting at meat in the Pharisee's house she brought an alabaster cruse of ointment, and standing behind at His feet, weeping, she began to wet His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment." Now turn to the second picture as given by St. John in the twelfth chapter: "Jesus therefore six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, whom Jesus raised from the dead. So they made Him a supper there: and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at meat with Him. Mary therefore took a pound of ointment of pure nard, very precious, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Now, in writing of the resurrection of Lazarus in the eleventh chapter, St. John says: "And it was that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." It is not impossible, of course, that two different Marys performed precisely the same beautiful rites of

gratitude for the Lord. Yet it is most improbable. The delicate reserve of St. Luke in refusing to mention the name of the woman in the house of the Pharisee is natural. Mary and her friends were still living when Luke wrote. But when St. John penned his glorious memorabilia the members of the Bethany home had all been transferred to the House not made with hands. Perhaps the facts are somewhat as follows: Mary had wandered away from home—even away up into the haunts of harlot-ridden Magdala. One day she heard Jesus speak of the Love Unfailing. Quivering with shame and trembling with tears, memories of Bethany and home were awakened in her home-sick soul. That very hour she began to follow Jesus. Everywhere He went she went. One day she heard Simon the Pharisee invite Jesus to his home. Unable to restrain the desire to be in His presence, Mary went as an uninvited guest. After silently witnessing the cold courtesy which Simon accorded to her Master, and impelled by the new life with which Jesus had inspired her, Mary threw dead formality to the winds, stole up alongside the Saviour, and wrought that deed of love which will be rehearsed when empires and republics are all dust whirled about the iron hills! Yes; that home in Bethany is the exact spiritual counterpart of that other home portrayed in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Martha—good, faithful, homekeeping Martha—is simply a female transcript of the elder brother. Her life consisted in handling things; Mary, too, was familiar with the rights and uses of things. But oh! somehow, battered by the shocks of doom, torn upon the hot wheels of sin, and marvelously recovered by that Love which outlasts doom even while it outlives sin, Mary had learned to dwell deep—deep down among the roots of life everlasting. Therefore, she had her golden moods, her hours of quiet, her moments of speechless ecstasy—listening to the unvoiced and remembering the untold. I wonder if she was

in one of those moods that day when, sitting at the Master's feet and wrapt away in wonders eternal, Martha suddenly broke in upon the Lord's discourse and Mary's silence? I know not; but the Saviour and the saved know, and that is too greatly sacred for idle speech. Enough it is to recall that when the Martha-spirit within all of us insists so clamorously upon its "many things," the only way to master its strident tones is to break through into the world eternal and to sweetly discover that just a few—or even one—of its notes of harmony are all that is needful for our checkered years, even as they will be sufficient for our ongoing aeons of the illimitable future.

VIII

NEW AND OLD

"Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold; but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii. 13, 14.

How to find the new in the old, and the old in the new—this is a secret of a strong, fresh life. Is it possible to find such a secret? Has such a secret been unveiled to the wondering hearts of men? Christianity answers yes. And its answer is more than a mere word. Supremely, there is the affirmation of the Lord Christ Himself. Then there is the affirmation of the heaven-wrought souls. We call them John, Peter, Paul. We call them a great and numberless multitude, living and dead. All affirm that Christianity proclaims the Eternal amidst the temporal, the changeless amidst the changeful. Stevenson said the livableness of life is the great theorem. But only Christianity can demonstrate it. Christ in the heart insures more than life's bare livableness. He thrills life with unflagging joys, fills life with vast and mighty meanings, rescues life from littleness, sets it on high at the right hand of God.

I think Paul is one of the noblest illustrations of this truth. He has for all time shown us how to blend the new and the old. It would hardly be appropriate to say that Paul grew old gracefully. If he grew old at all, he did it strenuously, lustily. Frankly, in reading our text,

can one linger long over the age-aspect of the apostle's life? Are we not rather conscious of a life lifted above the power of age? Is there not here the spring-like freshness of a fadeless youth? We are told that this letter was written in the dank darkness of an underground cell. But is it not lustrous with a light surpassing stones of fire? We are also reminded that his friends had forsaken him. But is there not in this epistle the sweet perfume of a more than human friendship? Moreover, Nero's deadly ax was ready to be lifted above his head. But are we not impressed that here is a deathless life? Surely, the ancient old and the eternal new are met together in Paul.

I want us to see how the apostle exemplifies the power of holding both new and old in their true relations; how he makes the new experience complete the old principle; how he lets the old foundation support the new and ever-enlarging superstructure.

I

The Newness in the Old: "Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold; but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind." Is there not here a vivid sense of the unattained? Is there not a deep consciousness of unappropriated riches in grace? Is there not a pulsing passion to realize that which is meant for the individual soul, the spiritual perception of a fresh, vital newness within the heart of the ancient oldness?

It is, I think, a suggestive picture of two men walking across the world at our very side. There is, first, the self-sufficient man. He says: "I count myself to have laid hold. I have looked into the heart of things. I used to think a mystic splendor nestled there. But I think so no longer. I have been undeceived. The splendor was only gaudy tinsel." Have you never met such

a man? At the same time, do you recall a more desolate soul? For him the magic of spring is gone, the green of summer has lost its emerald beauty, the autumn's pictured glory has vanished. The winter's snowy whiteness enchants no more. The laughter of little children is at last unmusical. The love, the heroism, the patience, the pain, the joy, the hope of this throbbing, unfolding human world—all this fails to quicken and inspire. O, this self-sufficient man! He dooms himself to the outer glooms of a joyless existence!

But see, on the contrary, the other, the Pauline man. He finds a perennial freshness in the old. "Brethren," he says, "I count not myself yet to have laid hold. I have visioned the Eternal. Indeed, I have experienced somewhat the new power bursting from the old founts of truth. Still, I am painfully conscious of standing only on the edge of things. It is all so rich, so deep, so inexhaustible." Here is your limitless man set over against your self-limited man. Life is to him a dawning morning wonder. He does not lament "those golden dawn-times" of forgotten ages. He reverences them because they have paved the way for his glorious living present. Duty is to him an unexplored diamond mine. He enters it with resolute purpose, searches all its hidden caverns, and comes forth with duty's precious dust gleaming in the garments of his soul. Nor is he daunted by suffering. Pain is to him the angel that sets the diamonds of duty in their proportionate relations. Have you seen that wondrous plant called "the crown of thorns?" It is a marvelously twisted and intertwisted creation, shaped into a perfect crown, all studded with prickly thorns. Moreover, it produces a most delicate and beautiful flower. One day I asked the florist: "How often does the 'crown of thorns' bloom?" "Continuously," was his laconic answer. Thus, to the man in Christ, does his crown of thorns blossom into the crown of life. There is a constant bursting of thorny

things into richest blooms. All the time, everywhere, this man is a true pioneer of the invisible. With Markham, he

“Sees, in some dead leaf, dried and curled,
The deeper meaning of the world;
Hears through the roar of mortal things
The God’s immortal whisperings;
Sees the world wonder rise and fall,
And knows that beauty made it all.”

Consider, also, the second way of realizing the new in the old. You see it in the apostle’s steadfast ability to let go: “But one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind.”

Now let us say at once that there are some things which can not, and ought not, be forgotten. Paul is the last man to treat the past with contempt. A wise appreciation of the present always includes reverence for the past. “Our finest hope,” says George Eliot, “is finest memory.” “It is to live twice over to be able to enjoy your past,” says the Roman poet. A modern philosopher reminds us that “our life is seven-eighths memory. The present is a fraction of a moment. We behold it most securely when it has become a past.” We are not to forget ageless principles, timeless revelations, the sacrificial achievements of past ages, fine and beautiful human incarnations of the Divine. Above all, we are not to forget the redemption, perfect and final, wrought for our race, in the eternal Son of God.

Yet there are some things behind which must be forgotten. We must exercise a steadfast ability to let go in order to lay hold. We must forget past failures. We should chisel our failures into stepping-stones to higher things. We must forget and forgive past wrongs. God can not live in a heart which has become the home of hate. Either God or hate must go. And hate will have to go, if God is graciously besought to remain. We must forget

past sins. God has forgotten them, if they have been repented of and forsaken. Why should you be haunted with that which God has cast behind His back? We must forget past attainments in character. Some one has said that we are all museums of the past, in which are stored its relics. In a sense it is quite true. But we must see to it that those relics are not dust-covered. They must be retouched and added to. Indeed, they must become more than relics. They must become vivid, glowing, spiritual realities.

Thus even our imperfect and sin-clouded past may be made to yield a new harvest of present and future good. And no man, it is needless to say, will attempt this without a firmer grip upon the inmost centrality of life. He will discover the Eternal beating back of the transient. Out of the world's old and worn familiarities will come new joys, new insights, new and larger infoldings of the Divine. Oliver Wendell Holmes was once shown through Westminster Abbey. Amidst the imposing recollections of the ancient edifice, he says, one impressed him in the inverse ratio of its importance. This was the little holes on the stones of the cloister benches. Here the boys of the Monastic School "used to play marbles, before America was discovered probably—centuries before, it may be. It is a strangely impressive glimpse of a living past, like the graffiti of Pompeii." Naturally everything becomes "a living past," if only there is the seeing eye. Now the most ordinary person moves through a more wondrous abbey than old Westminster. It is the abbey of his own soul-world. All dear memories are housed there. All holy aspirations are chanting their music there. All high hopes are clustering there. All new and old things mingle there, ministering each to the other. Therefore, why may we not, here and now, realize with Paul the worth of these two things: a vivid sense of the unattained, and a steadfast ability to let go: "Brethren, I count not my-

flashes of Sinai. And are not those diamond flames aglow with majestic meanings? And were they not luminous hints of the more and better things before?

O, my brethren, what light the best men in their best hours shed upon the things before! And the moments of their translation seem to reveal their true character. I think just now of Dean Stanley. A man having a vast circle of great friends said: "Stanley was the purest, most childlike, most beautiful spirit I have ever known." He is said to have been a perfect illustration of this definition of genius: "Genius is the heart of childhood taken up and matured in the powers of manhood." One day this sweet, strong, gracious soul lay dying in the deanery of England's great abbey. Friends were reading to him and praying for him. At last one friend slipped into the hands of another Stanley's favorite hymn, by Wesley:

"Come, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hear and can not see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
Alone with thee I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

And finally the day broke, clear as a sea of glass mingled with fire. Stanley passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." And where, also, as we fondly believe, the things before lift the dark things behind up into the clear white light of Heaven's day.

A dozen years later a kindred spirit and friend of Dean Stanley is awaiting God's chariot in Boston. Phillips Brooks, too, is going home. The physicians are consulting in an adjoining room. William Gray Brooks is alone with his passing brother. Let him tell us about it:

"Phillips knew me. He looked up from his pillow with the sweetest smile, and held out his hand. He pressed

mine warmly and strongly, smiled again and again, and once or twice said, 'Good-night.' Then he lay back on the pillow, put his great left hand on his heart, and smiled and nodded his head with his eyes full on mine. Then he raised his right hand with the forefinger extended, and waved it round and round for several moments, as he used to do when hearing music, or humming some tune to himself. It was clear and bright and happy. Full of the joy that was in his heart—in harmony with the love that filled it, and with the heavenly melodies that he heard calling him to his eternal home, full of rest and life."

Do not these and all great souls tell us that the things before are better than the things behind? They light up that great saying of Tertullian: "The soul is by nature Christian." For Christianity is the fulfilling of human nature and destiny. And here, too, is the unspeakable glory of the Christian Heaven. It is always better farther on. Hazlitt once read these words on an Italian sun-dial: "I take note only of the shining hours." This is certainly not true of our religion. For it takes note of the dark, the lonely, the shadowed hours. Then it illumines them with a revealing splendor. It is this that keeps humanity's soul alive. It is this that empowers us to press on. It is this that creates a quenchless zest for spiritual invasion. For Heaven is as old as the God Who makes it. And Heaven is as new as a redeemed spirit's last thrilling experience of God's love. Arnold of Rugby nobly expressed his faith in this dear Heaven of us all. An aunt of the immortal teacher had rounded out her seventy-seventh milestone. Arnold wrote to her:

"I pray that God will keep you, through Jesus Christ, with all blessing, under every trial, which your age may bring upon you, and if, through Christ, we meet together

after the resurrection, there will then be nothing of old or young—of health or sickly—of clear memory or confused—but we shall be all one in Christ Jesus.”

Thus have all Christian spirits felt, with Browning:

“The best is yet to be.”

Thus, too, have they witnessed this good confession:

“I know that earth is not my sphere,
For I can not so narrow me but that
I shall exceed it.”

Thus, also, have they exclaimed, with the dying Paracelsus:

“If I stoop
Into a tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time; I press God’s lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge some day.”

The other truth, which binds the new and the old like a signet ring, is a definite conception of the goal. “I press on,” says Paul, “toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Herein is the Christian hope that excelleth. God has, in his beloved Son, shown us the true pattern of our lives. Consider this truth in its twofold aspect.

First, I see in the Lord Christ my manhood as it ought to be. This is the vision that haunts us all. Have we wronged our own souls? Have we injured our human brothers? Have we shut out the light of the all-radiant God? Have we been disloyal to our privileges? Have we proven faithless to friendships? In a word, have we turned life’s “encircling gloom” into the “absolutest drench of dark?” It may be even so. Yet, in their unhallowed despair, men can glimpse more than “stray

beauty-beams" darting through their night. They know that this flaming hell of sin is not their true place. They know that their manhood, as it ought to be, has been lifted by Christ to yonder shining heights far above them. This fact is as clear as noonday. It is as native to the soul as spring sunshine is native to the buried seed. For He is indeed the divine-human crystal, the sovereign Seer of time, the poets' Poet, wisdom's tongue, man's best man, love's best love!

"Thou seemest human and divine;
The highest, holiest manhood thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not why:
Our wills are ours to make them thine."

"For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in him."

But beholding in Christ Jesus my manhood as it ought to be is not enough. I see also in Him my manhood as it may be, my manhood as God hath said it shall be: my manhood as the indwelling Holy Spirit whispers it is coming to be. What a word is this of St. John: "No man hath seen God at any time; God only begotten, which dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him!" We talk and sing and dream about the bosom of a mother. Ah! gather the sweet and wooing gentlenesses, the rich and nestling tendernesses, which have throbbed in all the bosoms of all the mothers in all the human years! But they can only feebly suggest the gentleness and tenderness "which dwelleth in the bosom of the Father!" And oh, the secrets of that wondrous bosom have been unveiled in the only begotten Son! He hath declared the unseen Father. And why hath He declared Him? Why, for this God-conceived reason: that our manhood and womanhood may be perfectly and fully realized in Him. This is not an impictured fancy, it is an actualized reality. As Irenæus expressed it: "He became

what we are, that He might make us what He is." For in declaring God, He also declares to you and me:

"All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
Pitcher shaped."

"Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is."

Surely, my friends, both new and old find their true meaning in Him. Even in the midst of the years He lifts us above the whirl of the years. He lights up the dark things behind from the splendor-fount of things before. Our heavenward call has become the spiritual melody of our earthward walk. Let us press on and upward! For the vanishing goals of time must give place to the many mansions of the Father's house. Then aches will have become balms, and pains will have become palms. Gone forever twilight and dark. Gone forever defeat and despair. Gone forever tired bodies and tired brains. Gone forever unfair, untrue, unjust, unbeautiful things. Gone forever sighing and crying. For the fountain of human tears has emptied its last bitter drop into the silver river of divine joy. And we shall be satisfied when we awake with His likeness!

IX

THE DREAMER

"And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams."—Gen. xxxvii. 20.

Our sermon has to do with one of those highly exasperating characters—the dreamer. A kind of universal misfit, the dreamer has two fatal defects. The first is that he should have dreams at all. Cobblestones we know and gold and iron; but dreams and dreamers—somehow they do not harmonize with our ordinary blare and brass. The second defect is that he insists on telling his dreams. It is bad enough to know that there are such things and creatures as dreams and dreamers; but to be insistently reminded of such abstract and ethereal nonentities—that is taking entirely too much liberty with a practical world like ours! And the dreamer is always on our hands. He has ever been here; he was away back there in the world's yesteryears. He is here to-day; when all of our eager, hurrying folk are eagerly and hurriedly forgotten, the dreamer's dream will abide. The dreamer will also haunt the throbbing streets of our unknown to-morrows. Yet what a difficult character is he! We despise the dreamer, and we love him; we curse him, and we adore him; we crucify him, and we crown him. We feel somewhat toward the dreamer as the Earl of Southampton felt toward Spenser, when the poet brought him the manuscript of "The Faërie Queene" to read. After reading a

little, the patron of literature commanded his secretary to give the poet twenty pounds. Reading awhile longer, he exclaimed: "Carry the man another twenty pounds." Enthralled yet more, he read and called: "Give him twenty pounds more." At last he said: "Go turn that fellow out of the house; for if I read further, I shall be ruined." Thus, like Joseph's brothers, we either cast the dreamer into a pit or else turn him out-of-doors to get rid of him.

Of course the words of my text are saturated with sarcasm and they bite like acid. For in our hard, practical world there seems to be no room for the dreamer. But it is in the seeming only. The fact is, history vindicates the dreamer; and notwithstanding all of our real and apparent harshness toward him, the dreamer has abundant room. In the first place, he does not require much space. Partaking somewhat of the ethereal stuff upon which he feeds, his dimensions are such that he does not require large acres of real estate. In the second place, the properties which satisfy the dreamer are of little worth to most people; consequently, he always has an abundant supply of the things essential to his own well-being. Does he not feed upon visions and colors and silences and hopes and loves and fears and prayers? Most of us dine upon this insubstantial fare when we are compelled to do so, but it is the daily food of the dreamer; and his cupboard is generally well-filled, is it not? In the third place, the dreamer is only really known after he has gone. Blind to his beauty and wonder when he went in and out amongst them, once he has vanished from their sight, men begin to ask: "What has become of that dreamer, anyway? He was a nuisance, we all agree. He said things and did things that were irritating; and yet—and yet—well, perhaps he wasn't such a fool, after all! Come now therefore, let us build unto him a monument of brass—perchance it will help to hide our own. Let us build it

broad and lofty and high—this monument of brass—equal to our own.”

I

Consider the dreamer's coming: “And they said one to another, Behold this dreamer cometh.” We remark, first of all, that the dreamer's coming introduces new epochs. His name may be Joseph the Hebrew, Homer the Greek, Virgil the Roman, Confucius the Chinese, Galileo the Italian, Shakespeare the Englishman, Luther the German, or Christ the Eternal. For the dreamer's fatherland is the universe; his home is roofed by all stars and carpeted by the greens of all summers and the snows of all winters; his brotherhood is composed of all high fellowships out of all climes and countries and ages; he is at home nowhere just because he is at home everywhere. He thinks that the color of God's Face is neither white nor red nor brown nor black; that He is neither English, French, German, Japanese, Italian, Russian, nor American; but that there is “one God and Father of all, Who is over all, and through all, and in all.” Therefore, his soul is a garden planted with the seeds of vision. This dreamer is Newton, and his mind is alive with the law of gravity. That dreamer is Harvey, and he discloses the law of the circulation of the blood. Still another dreamer is Watt, and he invents the steam engine. Yes, here comes this dreamer. Get out of his way, or he will walk right *through* you! You can't dodge him and you can't escape him. Look anywhere in history and you cannot miss him; he is loaded with the forces which, when released, will destroy old eras and introduce new ones. He has given you your commerce, your telegraph, your wireless waves, your airplane, your automobile—back of all your visible wealth stands this invisible wealth-creator!

Very much in the way of his contemporaries, the

dreamer is nevertheless an unwelcome benediction to them. He keeps us on the physical and spiritual move; he lifts our faces from the muck and sets them on higher things. We condemn him, and then we doom him; but we cannot subsist without him. And are we not unwilling learners, sitting at the feet of those we despise? Not consciously so—not at all; we are scarcely noble enough for that; but we do, even while we are in the process of being made, unwillingly manage to pick up a few ideas dropped from the dreamer's seething brain. And all this we do, by the grace of our many-colored inconsistency, even while we are lustily applauding majorities and unblushingly proud of our ability to ape the current moral, mental, social, and political fashions! Yet, through all our bravado, the dreamer is kneading the food by which we live.

For we cannot evaluate the dreamer by short and sudden views. He is one of those tremendous factors whose coming requires long looks. Consider, for example, the dreamer's coming in relation to the woolen industry. Perhaps any other would serve quite as well, but none surpasses it in interest. Wool, of course, comes from sheep. Now the ancestor of our beautiful domestic sheep was the argali. Do you realize that it was the argali, a cousin to the bighorn of the Rocky Mountains, that changed men from nomadic savages to something resembling a community life? And how? Why, because a dreamer came among the cave-dwellers. Up to the time of his coming, men used the skins of wild beasts for clothing. But one day a cave-dweller killed an argali and brought it home. No animal grew wool as yet, but a dreamer said: "Why, the fur of the argali is softer and warmer than the skins of all other animals. Let us use it for clothing." Whereat all the cave-men laughed a raucous laugh. "Our ancestors wore skins for clothing," they protested. "Would it not

be unpatriotic for us, their descendants, children of our Paleolithic Pilgrim Fathers, to introduce foreign customs into our great and glorious land?" But the dreamer continued to reason with his fellow-citizens. In due season they captured and brought home the young of the argali uninjured. The little cave-children and the little argali played together. At last man invented the bow and arrow, which made him master over the fierce, wild beasts. Meantime, the argali not only multiplied but it became a sheep. Its goatlike hair became soft and woolly. Also men themselves were gradually changed. Gentled somewhat by this gentle creature, man had more time to think. Brain slowly superseded brawn. The wild hunters became herders of sheep, and the pastoral age had dawned. The shepherd now knew how to remove the wool without destroying the manufactory—the sheep. After countless ages came spinning and weaving. Now it is a long journey from the argali to the first sheep in America. They were brought to Virginia in 1607. In 1633 Massachusetts also imported sheep; and to protect them from wolves the Pilgrim Fathers herded them on an island in Boston Harbor. Have you forgotten that the colossal wool industries of America were founded in 1638 by a dreamer and a preacher as well—Ezekiel Rogers? Now tens of thousands of years elapsed between the dreaming cave-dweller and the dreaming Puritan clergyman. But what are ten thousand ages but the bursting foam upon that infinite Stream of Consciousness, freighted with the dreams of universes and worlds and civilizations—Whose eddies are empires and Whose breaking spray are Ninevehs and Tyres and Babylons and Romes? Finally, the Eternal Dreamer is humanized. The blind, the halt, the lame, the harlot, the leper, the thief, the lonely, the forgotten, the frail, the small, the great, the rich, the poor—all look upon the Dreamer from Eternity and exclaim:

"Behold, this Dreamer cometh. The Dayspring from on high hath visited us. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased!"

"All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm
 Nature is whole in her least things expressed,
 Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.
 Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;
 And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
 The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart."

II

Hard upon the dreamer's coming follows the dreamer's fate: "Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him." Is not the world's treatment of the dreamer ignobly consistent? Undoubtedly it is. These pastoral brethren of Joseph seem to have set the pace and the centuries have kept it up. What, then, are the steps which mark the dreamer's fate? They are three; consider them well, because they are familiar and instructive.

The first step is destruction. "Let us slay him." Now there are various methods of destruction. Some are physical—the dagger, the bullet, dynamite, poisoned gas, centimeter guns, swift mechanical birds that drop explosive eggs of death while on the wing. But there are other ways of destroying the dreamer—ways far less gruesome, but in no sense less cruel. Wholesale slander is one method. Some call it "campaigning." The proper name is deliberate, cunning, malicious, downright lying and slander. Washington, Lincoln, Wilson, and Harding all understand the infamy of this method of destruction. There are few more sinister evils in America than this monstrous practice of which political parties are guilty. Politicians, partisans, and editors are the ringleaders in this infamous business. Has it come to this—that the

issues of a campaign are lost or won by the ability of one political party to manufacture and scatter broadcast more falsehoods than another and opposing political party? And it is just because we know that most of the statements made in our presidential and other campaigns are not true that we ought to be made to see the terrible wrong; the awful iniquity we are constantly committing as a people. For, mark my words, it is not the lied about who suffer most; in the end it is the unconscionable slanderers themselves who are the most abject victims of their own perversity. This species of national sin is not confined to politics; it works like a poison in social, domestic, clerical, commercial, medical, scientific, legal, and financial circles. Its animus is malignantly destructive; it would slay the finest thing in life—*character*—by the foul-est weapon it can wield—*slander*!

The second step is burial alive. The original design was point-blank destruction; but the counsel of some Reuben is heeded, and the conspirators do not actually commit murder; they “cast him into one of the pits.” Yes; any one of the pits will do for a dreamer. There are pits a-plenty—and is not the true dreamer very rare and most annoyingly in the way? Cast him in, therefore, and be rid of him! And are not our twentieth century pits quite as deep as those old oriental cisterns? There are, for instance, financial pits and business pits and religious pits and social pits and intellectual pits and religious pits and national and international pits—oh, the pits are countless, close at hand, and ready for their occupants. Call the roll of the pit-dwellers, and it is unduly large. Ask Jeremiah and Paul and Dante and Savonarola and Garibaldi and Gladstone and Lincoln and Roosevelt and Wilson if they are acquainted with pits, and both the living and the dead can speak with first-hand, intimate knowledge!

The third step is self-exoneration: “And we will say,

An evil beast hath devoured him." Are not Joseph's designing brothers our veritable contemporaries in excuse-making? We moderns may be more subtle in framing our bills of self-exoneration than the ancients; but the spirit is identical. We lay the plan and execute it, but in what a different light does the deed itself make everything appear! Herein is a part of the deadly and deceptive power of sin. Men administer opiates to conscience; conscience is put to sleep; and everything glides along "as merry as a marriage bell." Then conscience wakes up and the fires of mental and spiritual hells burn seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's or Dante's. Oh, no! the awakening does not always come while men are in the flesh; for "some men's sins are evident, going before unto judgment; and some men also they follow after." But they follow and they overtake—make no mistake about it. Be sure your sin will find you out; like a wild beast it crouches at the door, ready to spring at the most unexpected moment. And yet, notwithstanding this truth in the nature of things, do we not trump up our self-exonerations and say: "Some evil beast of heredity or environment has done this mischief?" During those awful days of battle on the Somme Philip Gibbs says a German prisoner remarked: "This war was not made in any sense by mankind. We are under a spell." Now I believe in giving the devil his dues; but is it not too easy and smug and unfair to lay all the blame on that side? I, for one, believe that German militarists deliberately willed the war, and that it was aided and abetted in its world-wide crime by rotten European political society, feeding upon the carrion of secret diplomacy, avarice, jealousy, hate, politicians, trusts, profiteers, and international rivalries. The old slogan was, "In time of peace, prepare for war;" a new and better slogan is, "In time of peace, prepare to prevent war." War is not suddenly made; war is the explosive effect produced by smoldering causes. Oh,

nations, bled-white and bankrupt, "whence come wars and whence come fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and covet, and cannot obtain; ye fight and war; ye have not, because ye ask not." Wars are made in streets of pleasure and casinos of idleness and boulevards of lust; they are simply consummated on fields of agony and dugouts of death and craters of hell. Therefore, let us not cast our Prince of Peace into one of our gigantic modern pits and say: "The devil or some evil beast has done this." Not so easily shall we escape when the judgment-dooms are read. For whatsoever nations sow, as well as individuals—*that* shall they also reap.

III

Consider, also, that the dreamer's coming and the dreamer's fate are prophetic of the dreamer's harvest. "And we shall see what will become of his dreams." Indeed we shall! There will be a famine in the land before many moons. These false brethren, their families, and their neighbors will come to want and starvation. Then will they go down into Egypt seeking for corn, and lo! this dreamer has the corn! For dreams, like corn, are vital, fertile seeds. Cast your dreams into the soil of human life, my friends, and there is a quickness at the soul of things which will bestir them into a white and golden harvest. Behold a dreamer named Columbus. An outcast among men, dying broken-hearted and forsaken by all save God and the future, he dreamed and dared and dared and dreamed until he added a new continent to civilization. Behold a dreamer named Newton. Born in the same year that Galileo died, Newton dreamed a vaster universe for mankind. "God has waited thousands of years," said he, "for a man to see what I have seen. Surely I can wait a few hundred for men to accept my vision." Be-

hold the mightiest Dreamer of them all—the Name that is above every name—He of whom John Morley says: “The spiritual life of the West has burned during all these centuries with the pure flame first kindled by the sublime Mystic of the Galilean Hills.” A man said to Wendell Phillips that Jesus was amiable but not strong. “Not strong?” flashed back the great orator and scholar. “Test the strength of Jesus by the strength of the men whom He has mastered. He mastered Saul of Tarsus. And the mastery empowered him; for while yet a man of few cubits in stature, he towered above his contemporaries, and while scarcely a man in height, he walked among men with such mighty strides that he shook the throne of the imperial Cæsars.” On October 23, 1852, Daniel Webster said to his physician: “I shall die to-night.” With deep emotion the doctor answered: “You are right, sir.” In the twilight of that day the last will and testament of the sublimest orator in history was brought to him for his signature. Having signed the document Webster said: “Thank God for strength to do a sensible act! O God, I thank Thee for all Thy mercies.” Then his family gathered about his bedside. Curtis, his biographer, seeing that Mr. Webster was about to say something which should be recorded, seated himself at a table. Then, speaking slowly and in a voice that could be heard through half the house, Webster said: “My general wish on earth has been to do my Master’s will. That there is a God all must acknowledge. I see Him in all these wondrous works. Himself how wondrous! What would be the condition of any of us, if we had not the hope of immortality? What ground is there to rest upon but the Gospel? There were scattered hopes of the immortality of the soul, especially among the Jews. The Jews believed in a spiritual origin of creation. The Romans never reached it; the Greeks never reached it. It is a tradition that communication

was made to the Jews by God Himself through Moses. There were intimations, crepuscular, twilight. But, but, but, thank God! the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light, rescued it, brought it to light." Consider, as Wendell Phillips said, the men whom Christ has mastered; and then consider a second thing: *Why has He not mastered you?*

Oh, my friends, all of our hopes are bound up with the harvest of our Invisible, Immortal, and Eternal Dreamer! Not yet have His dreams of a regenerated earth been accepted by mankind. But into the soil of our lost humanity He has dropped the seeds of the Atonement, Repentance, Forgiveness, Faith, Service, Sacrifice, Prayer, Brotherhood, Eternal Life; and as the seasons of God come and go we shall surely see what will become of His dreams—yea, we shall see the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Meantime, let us accept the larger of the two visions in the dreamer's song:

"A boy was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky,
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
'Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and plowed his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But, as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The cosmos widened in his view,
But God was lost among his stars.

Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
 God greatened in his growing mind;
 Each year he dreamed his God anew,
 And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
 In star and blossom, sky and clod;
 And, as the universe grew great,
 He dreamed for it a greater God."

X

AN ABOUNDING PERSONALITY ¹

Time and Space and Matter are interesting subjects to the philosopher. One reason for their abiding interest lies in the fact that he is never quite satisfied with his own definitions of them. He defines them, and then he re-defines them, because they elusively escape all the mental molds in which they are cast. But far more interesting than Time and Space and Matter is Personality. What is it? Where did it come from? Why is it here in the fields of time? Whither does it go after laying aside its medium of flesh? This is the enchanted ground for the thinkers of every age. And little wonder! There is no reason for saying that God is engaged in creating any more space or any more matter; God's supreme interest for a thousand ages seems to have been in the realm of personality. This is His big work throughout the universe. Therefore, when an unusual person comes our way, we somehow feel that the cosmos has hung over the fences of matter a flower whose beauty and fragrance are of immeasurable value to God and human kind. Doctor Frank Wakely Gunsaulus was, above everything else, a predominant personality. And this is simply to confess that he is an illustration of the finest and best product God has to show within His worlds. Some are in the habit of asserting: "This man or that man was not an original thinker, but he was a radiant, glowing personality"—the inference being, of course, that a great, original thinker is

¹ Delivered in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, April 3, 1921.

superior to a great, original personality. Is not this a mistaken emphasis? If the universe is conducted in the interests of personality, the mistake is readily apparent. For it is to argue that thinking is greater than being, is greater than character; that thought, which is only one of the manifestations of mind, is of more worth than the total manifestations of mind, which are gathered up and flashed forth through personality. The conclusion must be that the ample personality stands higher in the scale of being than the so-called great thinker. I am to speak, therefore, of a rich and rounded personality rather than of a fragment thereof—the mere thinker.

I

Let us think, first, of our friend's genius in the dear and intimate circle of home. I often look out upon Lake Michigan from my study window. Yonder it rolls, as he has described it, in its "sea-green splendor." And is not the lake a kind of liquid picture of his own soul-movements? There is first the ripple, then the wave, and then the billow. So the play of his personality over the home-circle—that is the ripple. The movement here is gentle, noiseless, serene, shut off from the large waves and thunderous billows lashing the shores of the great world. There is a certain beautiful pathos in his family's picture of a great man as contrasted with the public's picture of him. While members of the home-circle are aware of his public greatness, they think of his greatness in a different way. "He was your great citizen," says the wife, "but he was my husband." "He was your princely orator," say the children, "but he was our father." "He was your brilliant teacher," exclaim the grandchildren, "but he was our happy playfellow and joyous companion."

All this is tenderly true of Doctor Gunsaulus, because he was such a many-sided person. If "nature is whole in her least parts expressed," so is this rich human's wholeness

seen in the little things, the unheralded flowers of love he planted and tended in the Garden of Home. Sometimes a grandchild would receive an envelope addressed in his own handwriting. Opening the letter, the little girl would take out a bright, neatly folded piece of tinfoil. He knew that it was of more worth to her than a shining silver dollar. Knowing and loving children, he took time to remember and gratify the innocent loves of childhood. If we are normal men and women, we all love children; but how many of us, in the rush and hurry of life, take time to send them little foolish tokens of our love? Here was an exceedingly busy man—a man carrying tremendous problems in his heart and brain—who could take time to be sublimely childlike. Sometimes a grandson would receive a Pullman passenger check. The envelope contained no signature within; the lad knew at once who had sent the check. And why did this royal lover of the inner circle send that bit of worthless paper? Because he knew a boy loves trains, dreams of trains, and plays with trains. On Thursday night a Chicago mother heard smothered sobs. Going to the bedside of her little boy, she found him buried beneath the cover and crying as if his childish heart were completely broken. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked. Between his sobs, the grandchild replied: "*You know what happened this morning.*"

Yes; we all know what happened that morning. Between the darkness and the dawn, the inner circle of this great lover's being was broken into by the Angel of Life, and the flash of his noiseless, invisible wings made such a golden hush that we could hear the raining of our own tears from the cleft skies of the soul. This broken-hearted lad, weeping in the night, reminds us of the story told of Chicago's other famous child-lover, Eugene Field. While the body of the poet was waiting for burial, a street urchin stole up to the door and rang the bell. The boy, it is said, made a strange request for one of his years. He

asked that he might be alone with the quiet body of Eugene Field. Nobody knows what thoughts and emotions stirred in the boy's heart there in the silence beside the bier of our poet-laureate of childhood. It is enough to know that he was not afraid to be alone with death; that Love, even in the form of a ragamuffin, is braver and stronger than death and binds the king of terrors with unbreakable fetters. I remember, in this connection also, that our preacher-poet wrote and read the following lines at the funeral services of Eugene Field on November 6, 1895. After picturing the children of every degree—Wynken and Blynken and Nod—gathered about Field's grave, he sees Little Boy Blue leading them all:

“‘O, Little Boy Blue! and how came you so far
 From lands beyond ocean and cloud-bank and star?
 Fared you all this way for your babyhood toy?
 Have you not forgotten our poet—and boy?
 He smiled as he moved with the children alone;
 Then waited and prayed o'er his loved and his own.

“‘‘Tis not a great change,’ said the Little Boy Blue,
 ‘From heaven to earth,’—and he spake as he knew—
 ‘Dear children are there who have learned his song
 That Christ is the shepherd both tender and strong;
 In heaven, there's nothing so sweet in our joys
 As this, that we sing what we learned here as boys.’

“Full soon o'er God's Acre the robins will sing
 At birth of the dawn-light athrob with the spring;
 Their notes will be sweeter than ever, next June,
 When near your own grave they learn secrets of tune.
 The meadow-lark's wings, when the wild flowers unfold,
 Will flutter above you with music untold.”

Oh, Big Man with the child's heart, gold-tongued robins and meadow-larks will sing all the sweeter because they warble above your own God's Acre—“next June!”

II

Consider, in the second place, that the ripple which our friend's personality produced in the inner circle named home, has become a wave in the wider circle of friendship. "A friend," said Charles Kingsley, "is one whom we can always trust, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who cares for us in spite of our faults." In tones now mellow, now brilliant, but always beautiful, the splendor of his personality flashed through the overarching skies of his friendships. The morning he passed away the news went from our own home to a mutual friend who had not yet learned of his death. Instantly the surprised voice came back over the telephone: "Doctor Gunsaulus dead! *Why, he was my best friend.*" And that is what many around the earth felt and said. Does it not require a genius in the high art of friendship to make large numbers feel the magnetic pull and transfiguring thrill of his personality? Less than two weeks before his departure, he gloriously warned me against the too-ardent friendship of one very dear to both of us. "*Shannon,*" he exclaimed, "*you must watch that man; he will love you too much; he will love you to death.*" I could not help smiling, even though a spray of tears was already falling upon the rainbow of laughter. And why? Because I knew and felt that in those words Frank Wakely Gunsaulus was innocently and unconsciously describing himself. More than once since that Sabbath day in his home, I have turned to a Little Book, and these are the words that are wet with tears: "Having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Like his Lord and Master, this man also loved people unto death—yea, and he loved them on and on, far beyond the reach of death—even in the heavenly homelands where temporarily severed friendships are reunited and cultivated forevermore.

Now, in this wider circle of his friendship—wherein the ripple has become a wave—we are brought face to face with this proposition: The greater the personality the greater the variety of material and spiritual things it requires for its self-expression. A stunted personality does not demand much for the utterance of its total self. The club and the hut, with something to eat and little to wear, is about all the poor, undeveloped savage needs. But a richer nature, the civilized man, asks for houses, comforts, and luxuries. True, he may and does expect too much from these things, oftentimes becoming their slave instead of their master; nevertheless, your modern man demands more than the aborigines because of his more richly developed and completely grown personality. Therefore, I want you to measure Doctor Gunsaulus by the many kinds of material he used in his self-disclosure. Sky, sea, land, picture, poem, music, book, building tool,—all were requisitioned by the versatility of his genius, vehicles commandeered to carry the wealth of his overflowing nature through the colorful streets of life. You are a philanthropist. You desired to invest your gold for the uplift of humanity. Did you not ask him to sit down with you and think the matter through? It is literally true that he has helped men invest millions for God and mankind. You are an artist. You have a passion for transforming apparently separate and unrelated materials, tones, and colors into harmony, building, or picture. Did you not ask him to bring his eye for the beautiful, that he might lend to your own conceptions a kind of articulate and clarifying power? You are an orator. You have read and dreamed of orators from childhood. Did you not think it one of the great privileges of your life to have him recount his own impressions of the mighty masters of speech; and, then, most of all, did not your heart burn within you as he illustrated, through his marvelous eloquence, the highest art within the human range? You

are a poet. Your thoughts clothe themselves in verbal rhythms and metrical numbers. Did you not realize that he, too, was a brother-poet, "leading melodious days," and marching with tuneful steps? You are an educator. You carry the problems and burdens of high school, academy, college, and university. Did you not hear him define "The Educated American" and heartily confess that he was an educated American indeed? You are a musician. You feel, with Sidney Lanier, that "music is love in search of a word." Did you never hear this passionate lover of music declare: "Music is the only one of the fine arts that is perfectly certain to survive in Heaven. Where all languages end, music begins." You are a bibliophile. You love books—well, almost, just because they are books. You also love rare books, artistically made books, illuminated books, and manuscripts. How often has he touched you on the shoulder and whispered in your ear: "You must share this treasure with me." You are a doctor. Sitting in a public place one evening, he nudged me as some half dozen world-famous physicians and surgeons entered the room and sat down about a table. Then, in less than two minutes, he was over and among them, a welcome guest even in such distinguished scientific company. You are a journalist. What a bureau of valuable information you often found in him! You are a minister and theologian. Did you not invariably discover that he had something worth listening to on these vital subjects?

Why, the wave of his genius flowed in amazing and ever-widening circles. He reminds me of two trees. The first is the tree of that old singer in the psalms. Like a tree planted by the streams of water, Doctor Gunsaulus brought forth fruit with increasing power while the leaves of his goodness were green with unwithering vitality. The second tree he was like I saw in Brooklyn many years ago. I was calling on a dear old woman past ninety years of age. Looking through a window of the back room in

which we were sitting, I saw a quince tree. Standing in the corner of the lot at the junction of fences, its branches overhung parts of four yards. The tree was bending under its load of quinces, and the yellow, juicy globes rained down into each of the yards. "Look out there, Auntie Blanchard!" I exclaimed. "Your fruit is falling over into the yards of your neighbors." Evidently, she did not share my surprise or excitement; for she remarked, somewhat philosophically: "That's just the way it ought to be, isn't it?" Thus our vanished friend was a far-spreading, ample-boughed, fruit-dropping human tree. His ripened fruits fell over into all the yards of life. And now that he has been transplanted in the heavenly orchards, the venerable woman's words come back to me with meaningful significance. So opulent, so strong, so myriad-minded was he that it seemed perfectly natural for his flavorful clusters to drop into receptive gardens, near and far. Or, to change the figure, and borrow the words of George William Curtis: "Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire." Or, better still, we may think of him in Tennyson's songful lines:

"Love is and was my lord and king,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within the court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

III

Consider the reach of his personality in the widest circle of all—the Christian ministry. Here the ripple has passed into the wave, and the wave has become a billow washing all shores. For Doctor Gunsaulus was, supremely, a “good minister of Jesus Christ.” Let us study the three-fold aspect of his ministry.

First of all, reflect upon its uniqueness. I hold that the ministry of Frank W. Gunsaulus in the city of Chicago is without a parallel in American history. A few have equaled him as a preacher; a very select few have surpassed him as a preacher—Beecher and Brooks and Simpson. But not one has sent forth such streams of influence into so many different channels of a great city’s life as did this man, for whom the chariots of God have lately swung low. I say the many-sidedness of his ministry is unparalleled in our annals. As a matter of fact, most of us do well in our desire and determination to do one thing; but it is a source of joy now and then to see a man walk down our human ways, and, through the teeming wealth of his nature, have the very soil of his soul, like the earth in these spring days, ache and heave and stir with many kinds of mental and spiritual fruits and flowers. On hearing of his homegoing, and knowing of his love for children, I quoted the words of Francis Thompson: “Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.” “But,” answered my wife, “you will have to go beyond the nurseries for Doctor Gunsaulus. You will find him among the artists, the musicians, the poets, the orators, the educators, the preachers, and the prophets. He will be everywhere.” Was it not a wise reply? The uniqueness of his ministry required many kinds of earth for the manifestation of his soul while in the flesh; now that he wears his spiritual body, will he not also have to have many kinds of heavenly

reality for the utterance of his unfettered self? One of his friends said of the late John Burroughs: "Well, he used to wonder what it was like beyond and I suppose he will begin philosophizing again as soon as he gets his bearings. 'There will be birds where John Burroughs is—birds and great trees.' *There will be souls where Frank Gunsaulus is—souls and great music.*

A second aspect of his ministry is its rich humanness and genuine democracy. He was an aristocratic democrat—that is, he united the highest culture with the widest human sympathies. He was grandly free from class consciousness and untoward political partisanship. "I am a Republican," he said to me not long ago, "because I believe in a republic—a representative form of government—rather than in a pure democracy; but oh! how I do hate professional politicians!" Even that holy and righteous hatred was born of his Christian love. I would to God that it might be born in the heart of every minister in America. Then he would not allow the professional politicians to make a fool of him, which is their first step in making a tool of him.

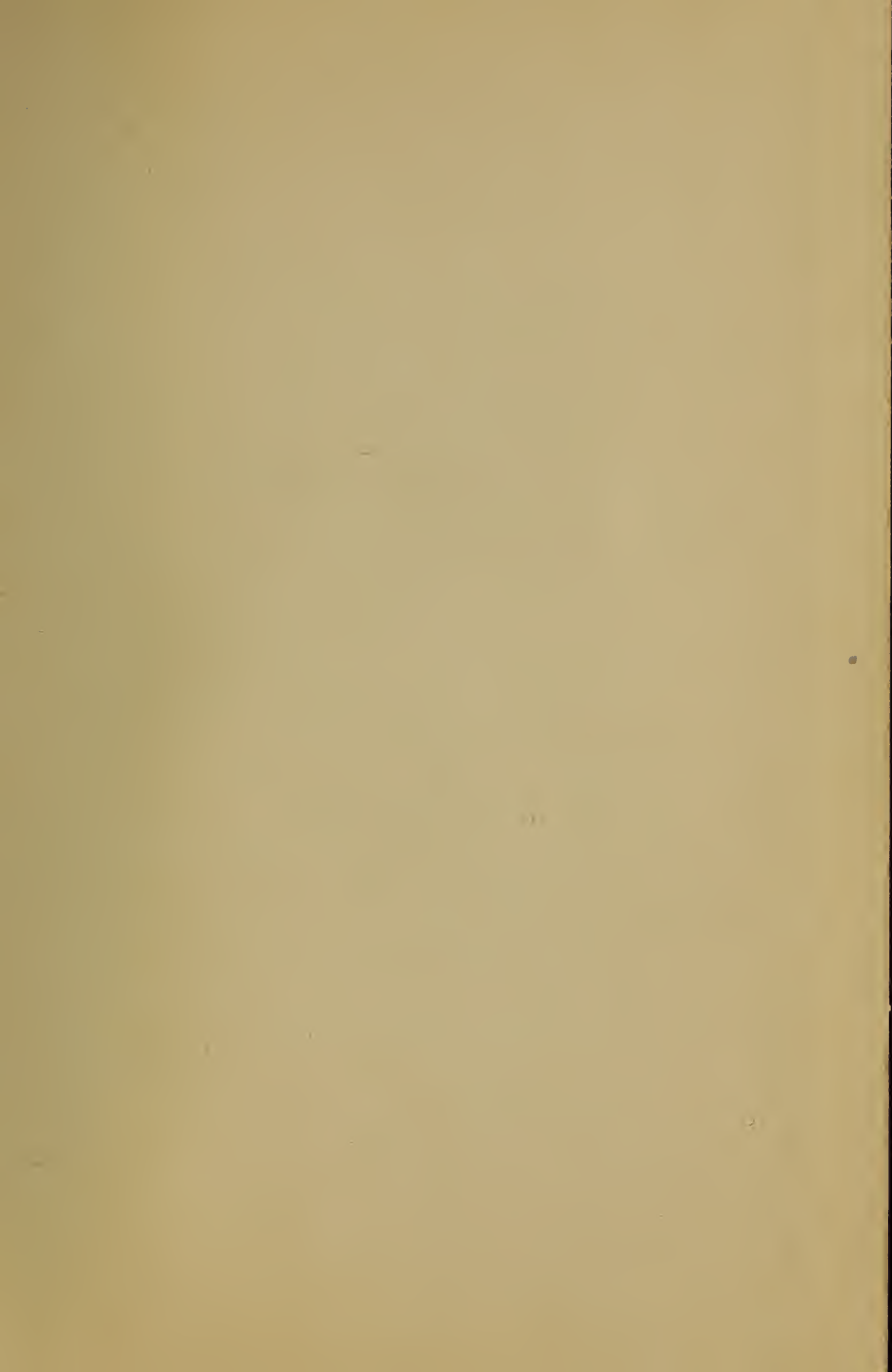
All classes and conditions of humanity found in this minister and minstrel the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated, capitalist and laborer, young and old—he was to all as streams of water in a dry place. As chairman of Chicago's Near East Relief Commission, he struggled out of bed, staggered to the telephone, and sent this message: "Use my name in any way you see fit to help in the Near East cause. If we lose Armenia, we lose the gateway. Do not thank me; it is my duty." Fighting his valiant fight with death, and having already received his death-wound, this was among the very last of his eloquent pleas for a broken and bleeding humanity. While I was in Chicago some years ago, he took me through the Art Institute. I had three big, golden joys that day. The first was seeing the

art treasures through his eyes; the second was hearing him interpret the pictures; the third and most wonderful of all was watching a newsboy who had wandered in from the street. Going from room to room, a steadily enlarging company of people followed us, just to hear this lover of the beautiful interpret the beautiful in his own beautiful fashion. But that newsboy—I shall never, never forget him! The little fellow constantly wedged his way in between Doctor Gunsaulus and myself. Once my attention was directed to the lad, I could not overlook him; for I discovered that he was not looking at the pictures, but always up at the face of Doctor Gunsaulus. There was something in the man's face that completely held the child. I think I know what it was, though I cannot describe it. Maybe I can help you to grasp it through a bit of history. The first time I ever saw him was many years ago in the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. It was during the summer season, and I was out of Brooklyn on my vacation. But a very dear friend, Mr. Edgar MacDonald, wrote to me, saying that I must come back to the city and hear Doctor Gunsaulus preach on Sunday. As he entered the pulpit, my friend turned to me and exclaimed, with deep emotion and glowing eyes: "*Isn't he beautiful?*" It was just that, I think, that held the newsboy in the Art Institute. For the most beautiful being in the universe, next to God, is a beautiful soul. When this kind of a soul clothes itself in the shining raiment of intellect, will, memory, and imagination, you have a portrait too fine to permanently grace the walls of time; it must be hung by angelic hands upon the walls of the City of God. "*Like a vase of illuminated odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire.*"

As a third aspect of his ministry, think of its completeness. He slipped away on Thursday morning, March 17th, at four o'clock. The preceding Sunday he preached in the morning at the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church and

in the evening at the Oak Park Presbyterian Church. At both services, and two weeks before Easter Sunday, he preached on "The Life Eternal," the text for morning and evening being: "This is eternal life, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Him Whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." He quoted, in the course of his morning sermon, Alan Seeger's poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." Monday morning he asked me to come to the Armour Institute, saying that he had something very important to tell me. The first was concerning the endowment fund of Central Church, the necessity of increasing which he had emphasized at our annual dinner on March 4th. "Shannon," he said, "I saw one will yesterday in which Central Church is remembered for \$50,000, besides two other wills. The second thing I want to say is this: Aren't we happy, Shannon, over Central Church?" (This was one of his favorite and oft-repeated expressions regarding the welfare of the institution he loved next to his own home.) Pausing for a moment, he went on: "You know I never preach nowadays, Shannon, that I don't feel like casting the net. I will soon be through here, and I want to draw in as many souls as possible. Before long, I will have to report over Yonder." As we came out of the room, he saw one of his students who did not walk erectly. He called to him: "Straighten up, young man! Straighten up!" Those were the last tones of his voice that I remember, but I shall remember them forever. He went through life, shouting in trumpet notes to stooped and crooked causes: "*Straighten up! Straighten up!*" Monday evening he delivered his great address on "The Education of the American" before the Congregational Club of Chicago. On Wednesday afternoon, having partially finished his forthcoming lectures on the Merrick Foundation of Ohio Wesleyan University, he straightened up, so my friend tells me, to his full height and said: "*Now I am ready to go back to my Mother's arms.*"

It would be at once unfair and artificial to read into these words meanings which our absent friend did not intend them to convey. But they are none the less wondrously suggestive. Did he mean that his tired body was ready to return to the bosom of Mother Earth? The day after his going, I visited that lovely burial plot in Forest Home. Close by stands a goodly oak tree. Its branches seemed like strings of a harp softly played by invisible wind-fingers, waiting to welcome the weary body back home. Or did he mean that he was ready to return to the arms of his Alma Mater? Or did he mean that he was ready to return to the arms of his beautiful human Mother, who has been waiting for him these four years by the River of Life? Oh, men, we are just men to the rest of the world, but we are always children to our Mothers. If we are true men, busily unfolding our best selves, we are always richly returning to the fountains of our childhood. Or did he mean that he was ready for the arms of the Infinite Motherhood—that Motherhood so tenderly drawn by the hand of a prophet of old: "As one whom his Mother comforteth, even so will I comfort you." But whatever he meant—and his words are capable of large variations—we believe that very much more than he meant has already been vouchsafed unto him in the White City of the Universe.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 042 019 6

